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EDMONDS COUNTRY *By David McCord*

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IN THIS ISSUE

THEODORE PURDY, JR.
Reviews "My New World" by Ernest Dimnet

PAUL ROSENFELD
Reviews "Rodin" by Judith Cladel

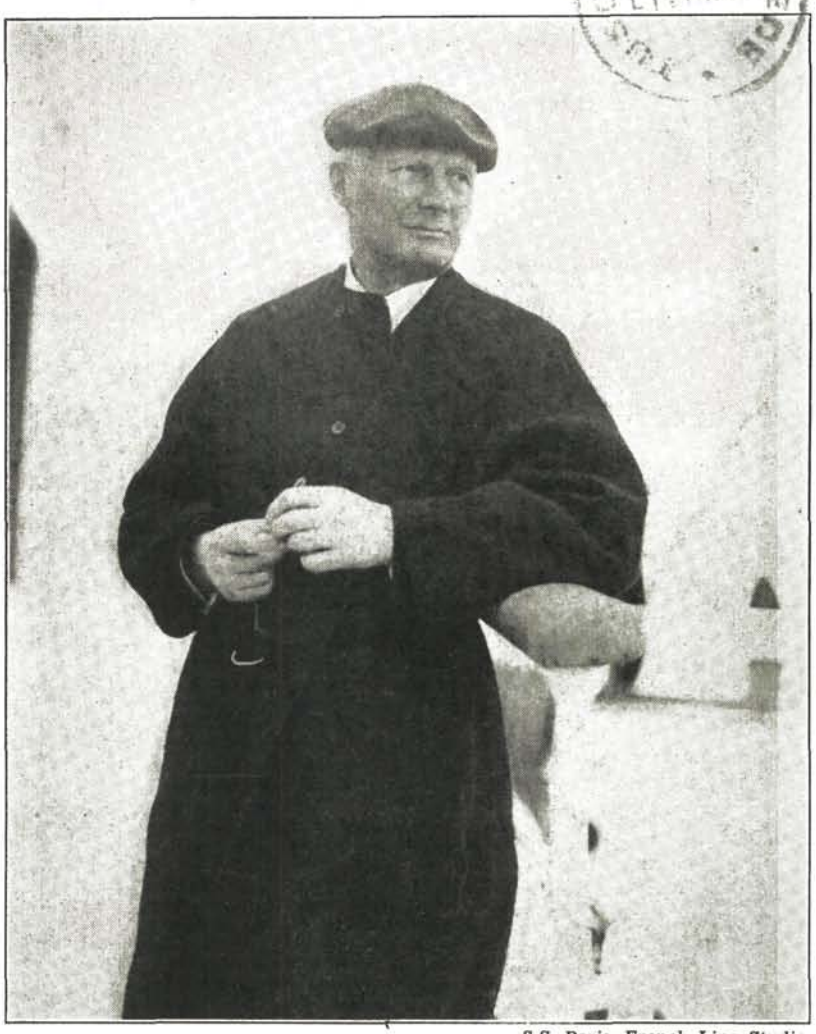
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Reviews "Country Matters" by Clare Leighton

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT
Reviews "For Us in the Dark" by Naomi Royde-Smith

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE
Reviews "The Book of Wild Pets" by Clifford B. Moore

PAUL H. LANG
Reviews "Debussy, Man and Artist" by Oscar Thompson

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE
Prayer for Our Time



S.S. Paris, French Line Studio

ERNEST DIMNET

"He can scarcely find enough nice things to say about us"

. . . (See page 5)

DOUBLING IN LITERATURE *By Fletcher Pratt*

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Doubling in Literature

Non-Political Writing by American Politicians

BY FLETCHER PRATT

A MAN interested enough in ideas to write a monograph on the philosophy of marriage became Premier of France; a bad journalist and worse novelist is dictator of Italy, Ethiopia, and Libya; a good novelist and historian is Governor-General of Canada; the chances are that any given member of a British cabinet will be better known in Oxford common rooms for his detective stories or his minor poetry than for his political theories. But what does an American politician do when he feels an attack of *cacoëthes scribendi* coming on?

Well, on the record, he either indites a few stanzas on the immortality of God, which are put away under lock and key to be discovered after his death, or he calls up the nearest ghost-writing bureau and orders a volume on Whither are We Drifting? The fact is that American literature by politicians is remarkable chiefly for its poverty, both in quantity and quality, a fact not without its astonishing side in view of our cultural association with an England that only yesterday had Disraeli and Lytton, the best-selling novelists; Macaulay, the best-selling historian; Melbourne's literary soirées—and today has G. D. H. Cole, the best-selling detective story writer, and A. P. Herbert, the versatile *Punch* graduate, best known for his novel, "The Water Gypsies."

In one respect this can be shown statistically. The present incumbent is our thirty-second president; of these thirty-two men, only four have written anything that had no direct political purpose. Of these four, Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson wrote American history which had at least the indirect purpose of exhibiting their political philosophy in places where it would do the most good. Jefferson produced such literary oddities as notes on Virginia and agriculture, a translation of Æschylus, apparently more in a spirit of performing intellectual gymnastics than with any serious purpose. John Quincy Adams wrote the colossal "Report on Weights and Measures" which is practically a national program for education (but is that not quasi-political?) and is also remarkable as the only presidential poet:

THE ONLY PRESIDENTIAL POET
John Quincy Adams (painting by Copley).

Sure, to the mansions of the blest,
When INFANT innocence ascends,
Some angel, brighter than the rest,
The spotless spirit's flight attends.
On wings of ecstasy they rise
Beyond where worlds material roll;
Till some fair sister of the skies
Receives the unpolluted soul.

—runs a stanza preserved by Griswold from his "Poems of Religion and Society." The sample is a fair one, which is to say that the general style of his verse is that of an unexceptionable but uninspired New England sermon. Bootleg volumes of smokehouse poetry often contain examples over the name of Abraham Lincoln, but the verse is always humorless and bad, and the attribution as dubious as that which has so often assigned Ewers's "My face I don't mind it" limerick to Woodrow Wilson. Or, to sum up, the literary ability of the presidents of the United States is in inverse ratio to the square of their distance from politics.

What renders this curious to the point of demanding investigation for causes is the extremely high level of political writing among the same thirty-two men. Abraham Lincoln is so well recognized as one of the great masters of English prose that comment would be impertinent; from the matchless diaries and letters of the two Adams presidents alone an excellent history of the country during their period could be constructed; whatever one may think of Jefferson's political ideas, his method of expressing them was extraordinary; Madison's state papers, Wilson's public proclamations, have a sonorous and Biblical clang; Van Buren's diary is a perfect gem of malice and shrewd observation; Grant's memoirs are among the best of their type; and Theodore Roosevelt's "War of 1812" and "Winning of the West" are still unsuperseded, still classic for their periods. Out of thirty-two heads of government, one literary genius of world rank and eight writers with the quality of life after death—rather a better record than any other country can show for the same span of years.

But it is all political writing; in a sense, propaganda literature. To find good writing without ulterior purpose by government officers we must turn to the great appointive positions; and there we immediately encounter the persistent American tradition of using embassies, consulates, and even Cabinet offices as rewards for literary merit, a tradition which brought into U. S. service such figures as Hawthorne, Irving, Motley, Herman Melville, George Bancroft, Thomas Nelson Page, Walter Hines Page, and Claude Bowers—and popular writers like Richard Washburn Child and Meredith Nicholson. If we neglect these figures —and we must, reasonably, since literature with most of them was the vocation and diplomacy or politics the toy—the appointive offices of the government make a showing in literature similar to that of the presidency. In absolute numbers

Next Week

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL
By BERNARD DeVOTO

A BOOK REVIEWER COMES OF AGE
By ISABEL R. A. CURRIER

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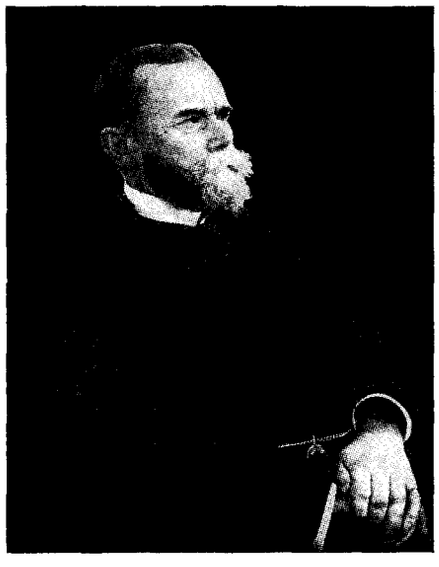
they have produced more books, but not in proportion; the percentage of straight or indirect political writing is about the same and not quite so high in quality.

The exceptions in the Cabinet are John Hay, Edward Everett, Jacob D. Cox (Grant's Secretary of the Interior), Hugh S. Legaré, Albert Gallatin, William Wirt, and Samuel Dexter (first Adams administration—Secretary of War). Of these Dexter has left a single piece, a long, didactic poem on "The Progress of Science," which survives only in such notices as this one; Legaré was high priest of the modest ante-bellum intellectual movement in the Carolinas, but a stuffy, prosaic essayist, infected with the Dixie particularism that has not yet vanished from writing done below the Mason-Dixon line. Everett was a general cultural figure rather than a literary one, as an effort to read any of his work today will reveal.

The other four all make special cases. Hay's "Pike County Ballads" are doubtless some distance from great, but are at least very good, American folk literature—the latest perhaps not the last spiritual offspring of Bret Harte and Billy Gashade; and with the exception of a few of Scott's ballads, the only success in the long series of efforts to capture the true folk spirit by deliberate intellectual imitation. Cox was one of the few all-round talents in American history—linguist, soldier, architect, politician, and an author of such merit that hindsight can only wish he had neglected everything else to write more like his "Atlanta" and "March to the Sea"—by far the best of the "Campaigns of the Civil War" series.

William Wirt seems to have had literary ambitions in his younger days; he wrote a frightfully bad novel in letter form, "The British Spy." He tried to buy up all the copies when he became prominent; when he left politics turned back to literature and founded an irregular periodical of the *Spectator* species "to disperse among young people a taste for letters and to make them sensible of the decline of intelligence in the country since the Revolution." It was as bad as "The British Spy"; nothing now remains of either effort but a few fragments garnered by the patient Duykinck to prove his contention that Wirt's style was "gaudy and feeble."



JOHN HAY: *his "Pike County Ballads" caught the folk spirit.*

Gallatin, who "spoke three languages, all badly" perhaps does not rate as an author at all. The books over his signature date from his later years, when, retired from politics, he took up ethnology as a hobby, and did some research on the races and tongues of Central America, still basic in its field. The oddity is that he was expanding and continuing the researches of John Pickering of Massachusetts who, as a Federalist Congressman, launched from the floor of the House some of the bitterest invective that body heard against Albert Gallatin.

There is also a considerable shelf of travel diaries by Cabinet members and ambassadors, mostly bad, and on internal evidence frequently ghosted. The diplomatic agents with genuine literary ambitions seem to have disdained such devices in favor of the once-common practice of writing novels laid in the countries to which they were accredited. William Waldorf Astor sent home two typical specimens from Italy—"Valentino" and "Sforza"—melodrama, with swords flying, maidens in page-dress in the heart of the enemy camp, and beautiful adventuresses with poison-rings; synoptic, choked with passages of undigested history, but alive with a certain energy and obviously the work of a better-than-average intelligence. There is also record of a remarkable secretary of legation at the Berlin ministry, named Theodore Sedgwick Fay, who produced historical novels very much in the Astor manner (which may be described as Scott minus plot) for home consumption, and at the same time wrote in German for Germans novels on American themes. Another typical example is the one novel of Edwin de Leon, consul to Egypt, a book called "Askaros Kassis," the weirdest imaginable combination of a Lothrop Stoddard travelogue and an issue of the *Police Gazette*. An incident will show the whole—aunty and niece on a visit to an Egyptian harem, with twenty-five pages of description of the dinner and odd customs, after which aunty is taken courteously home while niece is kidnapped and forced to witness a rather torrid leg-show as a preliminary to an attempt at seduction by a villainous Copt.

In absolute figures the legislative department does not show a much better record in pure literature than the executive, and in proportion a worse one, from which one might draw the deduction

ADMIRAL PORTER
His "Allan Dare and Robert le Diable" was an early and goofy detective story.

that our presidents choose more wisely than our voters—if one wanted to start an argument. The major literary figures in Congress may be limited to five without much injustice—Albert J. Beveridge, Henry Cabot Lodge, H. H. Brackenridge, William Grayson, and Carl Schurz.

Lodge, Schurz, and Beveridge belong with Roosevelt and Wilson as men who wrote history from an angle primarily political, yet all are really important as literary figures. Lodge's "Hero Tales from American History" is still one of the most widely circulated juveniles in the country; has probably been read by, and as an outstanding juvenile has conditioned the ideas of, more persons than any other work in this survey. Beveridge's "Lincoln" and still more his "Marshall" are fixed stars around which whole planetary

(*Continued on page 14*)

Prayer for Our Time

By Arthur Davison Ficke

I SHALL not be content
Until with words beyond all argument
There come into our town
A man like Moses, but without his frown,
Without his knowledge of the Word of God,
Without that arrogance, that pretence
Of seeing something that he never saw,
Without those Tables of the Law,
Without those words of awe—
Something far closer to the sod,
Something compatible with common sense.

If he will come thus simply, he will see
How eager we shall be
To gather round him, then.
For we are simple, we are heart-broken men.

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Abbé in America

MY NEW WORLD. By Ernest Dimnet. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THIS is the second part of Abbé Dimnet's autobiography, covering his work at the Collège Stanislas in Paris, where he taught English before and during the war, and also his later emergence on this side of the ocean as something of a Franco-American institution. His reflections on the conflict will hardly be to the taste of our revisionists. After twenty years and more he is still bitter about the *Furor Teutonicus*, perhaps partly because his native town of Trélon suffered four years of a cruel occupation. But he goes further: many of the stories of German atrocities were well founded, he asserts; it is untrue that the French executed two nurses as spies to the sole Edith Cavell shot by their foes; Versailles was a good peace as peaces go, and so on.

If the Abbé displays few signs of tolerance here, the contrary is true when he abandons the highly explosive subject of war guilt for the real business of his book, a lengthy discussion of America and the Americans. Indeed, he can scarcely find enough nice things to say about us, though familiarity ought long since to have exposed our weaknesses. Shortly after the Armistice the Abbé came here armed with Papal credentials, was well received in spite of initial discouragements from a Catholic hierarchy tired of European appeals for help, and eventually returned to his native land with some $100,000 destined for the restoration of Lille University. Soon he was back again to lecture, formed the habit, and then in 1928 following complicated pourparlers with American publishers (amusingly described in this book) his "Art of Thinking" appeared and became a best-seller. Various anecdotes garnered on his tours tell of this period and furnish entertaining reading, particularly the one about a Western reporter who, upon being informed that the Abbé had written a book about the Brontë sisters, enquired what sort of religious order that might be.

All this is pleasantly done, though certain episodes make use of the no doubt unavoidable but pedestrian method of settling old debts by telling how delighted the author was to meet Mrs. So-and-So. But he is always tactful and genial. There is little of the ascetic about him despite his cloth, and his memoirs—at least in this installment—are of the world worldly. The better passages, however, afford an exceptionally instructive view of ourselves, as we appear to a tolerant and friendly but always clear-eyed foreigner who has had long experience of the Anglo-Saxon character and mind. The Abbé is indeed unique among his countrymen in combining a remarkable faculty for expressing himself in English with the superlative capacity for logical exposition so often found in the higher branches of the French educational system.

See page 18 for biographical note on Ernest Dimnet.

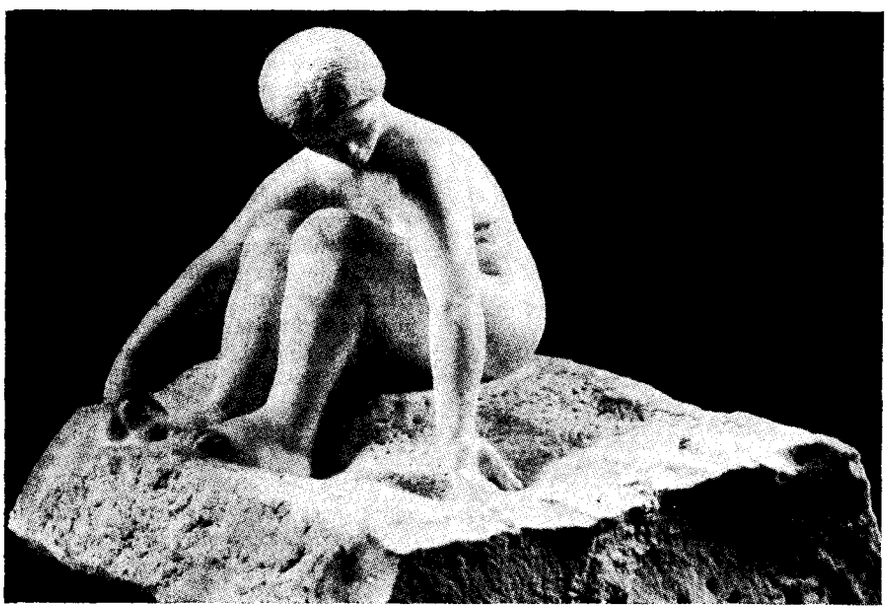
A Sculptor's Story

RODIN. By Judith Cladel. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by PAUL ROSENFELD

MLLE. CLADEL'S book is not biography in the style of Marcia Davenport's "Mozart." While its author only furtively glances through the windows of the Parisian sculptor's plastic dramas into his soul, and doesn't give us the picture of his inner life, she at least knows that the main fact in the existence of great artists like her subject is their possession, from early youth, by visions of the inner truth of things. About the clearly perceived fact of Rodin's restless impulsion to body forth his visions with the means at his command, she has ordered the biographical data which she has lovingly gathered from the persons who knew him in childhood, youth, and maturity, as well as from her direct observations: for upwards of thirty years she was a close friend of his, serving as his secretary and writing and lecturing about his art. Thus, her "life" is veritably biography: it sets Rodin's creative passion in relation to those circumstances which favored and depressed it, and helped it to burgeon and later to fail of orderly results.

The picture is not without terribleness. Never a loyal or amiable person, everlastingly suspicious, Rodin in later life became despotic, alienated his disinterested friends, and fell into the clutches of ignorant and useless people who exploited him, stole his work, and denuded the collection which was to be his monument. He died in incredibly sordid circumstances, to which the French Government contributed. And the stupidity and malignancy of the academicians and jealous artists who sought all his days to block him, and of the politicians who involved him in their maneuvers, were immense. Still, the story also is an heroic one owing to Rodin's fifty-year-long struggle in poverty for the freedom to realize his narrow but intense and powerful visions. These visions largely concerned desire in its phases of dynamism and defeat; the force of erotic desire in particular. Other flames moving the human creature were seen of him: still it was the eternal springtide and whirlwind of passion he most frequently conveyed through the aspects, gestures, and gleaming surfaces of forms of marble and of bronze. Such an art was destined to arouse fierce antagonisms. But Rodin had purity. He worked truthfully and selflessly. And his work attracted impassioned friends, not the least magnificent of whom is the author of his biography. Despite the darkness of Mlle. Cladel's picture, her book may therefore well fulfill her desire for it: that it prove an incentive to those "sculptors of the twentieth century who are valiantly struggling against poverty in a world unaware or little concerned with things of the mind, and maintaining the great tradition to which Rodin gave his life."



RODIN'S "THE BATHER." *Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

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Dramatic Sketches

COUNTRY MATTERS. Written and Engraved by Clare Leighton. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MANY admirers of Miss Leighton's extraordinarily strong and dramatic engravings will be glad to have this book merely for its great pictorial beauty. But Miss Leighton discovered in her "Four Hedges" that she could also write, and these new sketches of country life in the Chilterns, while simple and unaffected, are vigorous and sometimes poignant. The title, for those who remember what Shakespeare meant by "country matters," is a little misleading, but the modern meaning of the term exactly fits such chapters as "The Village Fair," which is really a short story and a good one, or "The Pub," an excellent dramatic sketch. This book has more real literary value than the slicker country product of the many "literary" writers who have written rather too much about the delights of rural England. Few makers of pictures can write; when they write well the resulting book is likely to be memorable.

See page 18 for biographical note on Clare Leighton.

The Book and the Ring

FOR US IN THE DARK. By Naomi Royde-Smith. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. $2.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WHEN Browning found the famous old Yellow Book in Florence, he wrote his masterpiece. I do not see any harm in what a well-known English novelist has now done—go back to the same "published reports of a famous trial" and make a novel out of it, to which the "Author's Note" adds rather startlingly, "all the characters in it are drawn from life." Certainly the main characters must of necessity be, for they are reincarnations of those famous figures of the "deed done in seventeenth century Rome," namely Pietro and Volante Comparini—now Peter and Violet Comper—the putative parents of Pompilia —now "Francie." Count Guido Franceschini is metamorphosed into Guy Trehick, and the Abate Paolo into Canon Paul Retarrier, Guy's brother. Instead of Arezzo we have St. Wythiol's, where a feud has always existed between the Trehicks of the Castle and the Penriddockes of the Priory; and old Donna Beatrice, "the doited crone . . . dragon and devils," is Guy's mother, the violent and drunken Lady Trehick. The skeleton of the whole story of "The Ring and the Book" is embedded in this melodramatic tale of modern England. Caponsacchi's place is taken by young Jan Norrington, and the flight, the pursuit, the overtaking, the triple murder, and the trial complete the volume. Therefore, why no mention at all, in the author's note, of a certain poet called Robert Browning? Perhaps not to labor the obvious.

Of course Naomi Royde-Smith, with the skill of a practised novelist, has built her own story completely and with many other characters, upon the scaffolding furnished. We have Mrs. Dalmellington of the beauty parlor, the horrible Maggo Pumphrey of the Castle, and Gerald, the bastard brother of Guy and Paul, who makes love to Francie and is later killed by Guy's orders. The "tenebrific passage of the tale" is embellished with any number of invented details, rounded out and filled full of modern atmosphere.

The only trouble is that, in taking this stark Italian story out of its original time and place, the modern English setting is eventually endowed with a horrid gruesomeness that seems melodramatic and unreal. But melodrama is necessary and fully supplied. So exciting, in fact, is the strange course of events, so horribly touching is Francie's fate, that one reader, at least, finished the long and complicated book in the small hours of the morning. Perhaps, in the end, this modern Pompilia as "embodiment of that higher law," is made just a bit too tremendous a martyred heroine. Miss Royde-Smith writes so graphically, however, that for the sake of the way she tells the story one can forgive her a good deal. Her detail of English life is thorough and satisfying. As to modernity, Violet's confession of her fraud is given at a Buchmanite meeting—whereas Violante's was at the Pope's Jubilee. Somewhat of a curiosity of literature, this book—but a novel that, in spite of its garishness, shows real creative ability and contains some memorable characterizations.

Short Tall Stories

THE HURRICANE'S CHILDREN. Tales from Your Neck o' the Woods. By Carl Carmer. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $2.

THE author of "Stars Fell on Alabama" and "Listen for a Lonesome Drum," has made a collection of folk-tales, from various parts of the United States as the end-paper maps will inform you. Mrs. Carmer has illustrated the book. Mike Fink, Old Stormalong, Pecos Bill, John Henry, Johnny Appleseed, and Paul Bunyan figure in some of these famous myths. They run from New Hampshire to Alabama, and out in Nebraska Mr. Carmer has discovered Febold Feboldson, who may have been one of Bunyan's lumberjacks. He made use of many creatures, but the most useful was the happy auger: "It looks like a kangaroo for the most part, but it has a long tail shaped like a corkscrew. When it sits down it whirls around and around on its tail which goes down into the ground about six feet. When it gets up, then, it leaves a hole just the right size to set a fence post in." This is a short book of short tales—but these short tales are also tall. Therefore, the stories all have tang. Some were heard on the air from the radio station WABC as part of Mr. Carmer's program. The giants of American myth, and some others, here have their gorgeous day, and the speeches that introduce the several sections are fine examples of dyed-in-the-wool American oratory.

See page 18 for biographical note on Carl Carmer.

WOODCUTS BY CLARE LEIGHTON, FROM "COUNTRY MATTERS"

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Elusive Musician

DEBUSSY. By Edward Lockspeiser. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. 1937. $2.

DEBUSSY, MAN AND ARTIST. By Oscar Thompson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1937. $3.50.

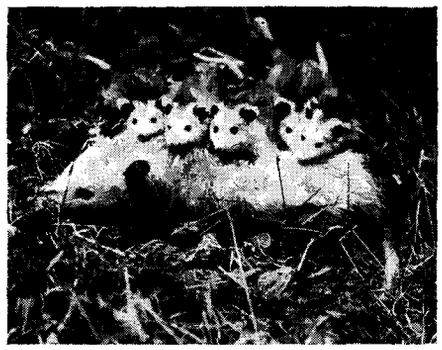
Reviewed by PAUL H. LANG

ONE is almost tempted to doubt that anyone who was brought up on the traditional British admiration for Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Brahms, and Elgar or the rather monotonous repertory of New York's "official" musical life could penetrate into the soul of this elusive musical poet who so proudly labels himself *Musicien français*. We should hasten to say that Mr. Lockspeiser has given us an excellent and singularly judicious biography, while Mr. Thompson's opus makes good reading without contributing anything original. The English biographer was able to avoid the national bias of the Frenchman and the moralizing approach of the righteous Anglo-Saxon. The American author, keeping to a rather conventional biographical pattern, nevertheless drifts, in the first part of his work, into the kaleidoscopic style of the versatile *boulevardier*. Lockspeiser's anxiety to document every important statement is such that the biographical half of his work suffers occasionally from lack of continuity, and one wishes for a more fluent narrative. The biographical part in Thompson's "Debussy" is by far the most enjoyable part of the book; the author's style here is less "impressionistic."

The second half of Lockspeiser's book represents a notable achievement in music criticism. The task of the essayist is a delicate one. He tries to analyze the components of this unique world of music, which represents the restless and complicated mental life of the hypersensitive man of the turn of the century. The author does not lose sight of the fundamental trait in the French musician's nature: "It seems that Debussy needed at all times some extra-musical—poetic or pictorial—stimulus," yet he shows us how negligible mere naturalistic elements were in his music, even in works like "La Mer." Every mental or physical occurrence, every poetic or natural phenomenon, becomes a musical experience to this musical hedonist, who is intoxicated by the sheer sensuousness of sounds. The author summarizes this in a fine sentence: " . . . this is music that delights as no other—while it lasts." How very true this is! Even "Pelléas," that deeply poetical and original solution of the eternal problem of lyric drama, conjuring with its incredibly delicate musical accents the most intimate echoes of the human soul, fades after the performance, as if the actors had taken with them the fragile figures of Pelléas and Melisande.

The critical part of Thompson's "Debussy" is written entirely in the time-honored manner of musical criticism, listing, in a handy way, all compositions in due order, with the instruments of the orchestra enumerated and many other useful reference details given in tabulated form. His short discussion of the role of modern harmony, modal reminiscences, and the origin and nature of the pentatonic and whole-tone scales may, in its brevity, lead to misunderstandings. Thompson is the chronicler who, having consulted an imposing amount of bibliographical material, endeavors to give us a "life and works," while Lockspeiser approaches everything with the critical eyes of the biographer. There is a warmth in his treatment which bespeaks his love for his subject and which also enables him to become an eloquent *plaidoyer* when it comes to things that are close to his heart.

DEBUSSY WITH HIS FIRST WIFE, ROSALIE TEXIER



VIRGINIA OPOSSUM FAMILY

Animals in Captivity

THE BOOK OF WILD PETS. By Clifford B. Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

WITH over three hundred illustrations, this delightful book which is "a discussion of the care and feeding of our native wildlife in captivity, together with notes on their identification and life habits" is going to be an ideal Christmas present for youngsters. It answers thousands and thousands of questions such as actually come up for answering. In fact I never saw a book that answered so many of the sort that, on my slight reputation, I am constantly being asked. Every time I go out in polite society somebody brings up the disturbing fact that her little girl has got a horned lizard that won't drink water (or something of that sort). Well, if you will turn to page 201 of this book you will learn that horned lizards like their water sprinkled on lettuce. It is embarrassing to be shown a bat with a broken wing and not to know how to advise that it be fed (since one cannot sweep the evening sky for midges for it). Mr. Moore advises bananas, of which I for one would never have thought. As most wild animals become our pets when sick, injured, motherless, or bewildered, this book includes a chapter on how to approach wild animals —a matter of etiquette rather slighted by Mrs. Post. It shows with diagrams how to bind wounds and fractures.

There is nothing prudish or squeamish about this book (and there had better not be about you, if you intend to take care of living animals). Your daughter is going to learn the Facts of Rabbits if she keeps any *lapins* at all. This book is explicit concerning what the doe is thinking about when she prowls with a tiger restlessness around her hutch, and the proper measures to be taken. But probably your child reads Mr. Hemingway anyway. Just how to stand by during "the blessed event" is also told. For my part, as the father of children who bring home absolutely anything in the animal kingdom which cannot get away from them, I really don't see how I have gone on all these years without this book.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Patent Medicine

ON a Saturday morning some twenty years ago, three members of an expedition slid down a sequoia trail from the high Sierras into a lumber camp on the edge of unbroken forest. They were after provisions, but there were only bran and flour for sale in the little camp store in the clearing. If food was scarce, however, there was plenty of medicine. Four long shelves above the counter glittered with a collection of patent medicines of which Liggett's might have been proud. There were elixirs to prolong life, remedies guaranteed to take hold of powerful diseases and shake the life out of them, colored fluids warranted to cure consumption in a week, jars of pain killer, tonics that would build up health on the edge of the grave. And all were violent, all boasted of the speed with which they cured, all were short cuts to health. And every bottle, box, and jar was stamped with the picture of some hero and dictator of medicine, bearded, virile, triumphant, holding a bottle in his hand like a pistol or a hand grenade.

Lumbering in the hot sun and cold nights of the Sierras, sawing and chopping the vast trees, banking logs as big as bungalows, was a hazardous trade requiring youth and muscle, so one doubts whether these fiery doses did much harm. The lumbermen could take it, at least until rheumatism got them. They were violent, ignorant men, who had not been told that tuberculosis was caused by a germ, and that joints ached because of too much salt pork plus too long wading in cold water. There was some curative value in the brash, assertative labels of those bottles. A swig of pain killer helped the men to get along for awhile, a swallow of colored water laced with a sedative quieted the cough which a few years later would be tearing the lungs away. Nothing is more seductive to the unwell than patent medicine.

All over the supposedly civilized world they are offering us patent medicines today—patent medicines in shining bottles, with heroes on the labels offering peace by power, prosperity by conquest, and happiness through obedience. Your morale is low? Well, give up your will and your children to the state. See airfleets fly over, watch the millions at march, believe what we tell you, that you are God's pure and chosen people—and already you feel better. Your armies were beaten in the last war, your swarming population is no longer welcomed in other lands? Let Mussolini bluster for you, and you will be cured. The Italians *do* feel better. So do the Germans. So do the Japanese, who have got rid of the sense of racial strangulation by what may prove to be the illusion of more land on the Continent.

But the world is not made up of lumbermen. We can't take patent medicine long without what Burns called a curmurring in the guts. Napoleonic wars supported by "la gloire" (a patent medicine) leave a thirty years' headache behind them. We ought to know, and can readily find out, what has happened after inflation—whether of money, vaingloriousness, or pugnacity. As has often been said in these columns, impressive numbers of books, historical, sociological, anthropological, philosophic, and economic, are now available to anyone who wants to know what has been, and presumably will be, the results of patent medicines in politics. The best of these books are negative rather than positive. They contain no panaceas, but they do make abundantly clear what bluster and bluff and calculated violence and international immorality have led to in the past. Even more impressively, they demonstrate by fact and figure the cost of modern imperialism and exploitation in terms of war, taxes, economic crises, and social demoralization. From them one can readily learn that if democracy fails it will be from its own vices, and not because it is democracy; and that if totalitarianism succeeds it will only be because the dictators are intelligent enough to substitute internal hygiene for the patent medicine of conquest. For the world is not mentally and physically young like the lumbermen, and neither its health nor its sanity will stand much more poison.

In the United States, so far, all we can complain of is that we have taken to tonics when we needed a purge. In social reconstruction we are still ten to twenty years behind the program of the English Tories—and have been told we could catch up without pain or loss of profits. That was patent medicine, though not so dangerous as the poison of the reactionaries, who since the Civil War have been putting profits ahead of real progress. Russia took the first big swig of patent medicine—proletarian autocracy, destruction of the bourgeoisie—and has been having visible gripes lately for obvious reasons. Germany swallowed its doses like a regiment at a clinic, its rulers fortifying the tonic of hope with the alcohol of vanity, hate, and racial snobbishness. Germany spewed out the Jews and radicals, and has been filling the vacuum with the superheated steam of militarism. It is a nation grieved by its history, and forgetful of its philosophy. Japan is trying a cure by blood, and there is no patent medicine—not even aphrodisiacs—so dangerous as stimulants to blood-thirstiness. Where are the Mongols? Where are the Assyrians? What became of the Turks who fastened on a civilization and sucked it dry? Italy is a success story—all but the last chapter, and the bill for printing. A mean French peasant is safer for civilization than a drug clerk who has been told that he is an imperial Roman. And there is not very much variety in the drugs they are all taking. The same firm that has long catered to man's desire to prove his superiority by exploiting or beating up his neighbors, fills most of the bottles with new mixtures of the same old intoxicants. It has taken the scientists hundreds of years to wean us from rhinoceros horns and powdered pearls as cures for our fevers and belly-aches. How much longer before these far more dangerous medicines of the mind will be known for what they are!

If this were an essay instead of an editorial, it would be easy to bring in specific instances of patent medicines recently administered of a quality so dangerous by any historical test that their like has rarely been seen even in politics. Consult General Goering's remarks of last week, or Mussolini *passim*. The German is the strongest, because the nostrum makers there really believe in their product. The Italian is the noisiest, because Mussolini has the most to cure and the least time to do it in. We had plenty of bogus cures in our war propaganda, but this dangerous talking of the present is different from propaganda. Propaganda is for the unbeliever, or half believer. This political patent medicine is for the already convinced, and is meant to keep him inflated with the self-regarding idealism of his national state. For it is idealism which is being pumped out of the fermenting vats of nationalism—make no mistake as to that. This is no realist's world in which we are living; it is as romantic (in one sense of that much abused word) as the age of religious wars or the wars of the Roses. A realist nation would learn something from the history of the individual, in which law and coöperation have made it possible to live without a sword in the hand and a knife in the belt. A realist nation would consider that both theft and miserliness have been proved economically unsound and socially disastrous. But what goes by the name of realism now is really cynical defeatism. The best remedy for that (next to education and common sense) is, as dictators know, patent medicine, the bad medicine of a perverted and pathological idealism. And the beginning of a cure for many now somewhat precariously alive is to recognize patent medicine from the label on the bottle.

H. S. C.

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Letters to the Editor: *America's Day-Dream; Books in Arctic Norway*

Magic, Not Logic

SIR:—In my opinion, Mr. Lovell Thompson concluded an otherwise highly perceptive analysis of America's comics with a couple of sentences which might be misleading—misleading both as to America's soul or destiny and to the conclusions one is justified in making from a study of a nation's comic sheets. "America wants Magic, not Logic. It does not want a Lenin, but a Jeep or a Kingfish," writes Mr. Thompson. I may or may not agree with the idea behind these phrases for other reasons, but, I ask, is that what a nation's comics indicate of the people who write and read them? Do the comics of nations ruled by Lenins tell what we should, by this theory, expect? Or do they reveal what—by another theory—we should expect: that the comics of *all* nations, *as comics*, exhibit the same imaginative fancy, playful humor, and magical adventure that we find in America's comics?

No, I'm afraid one can't judge a nation's character—especially its political character—by studying its comics. What the comics reveal is true of all nations and all people—of the human soul in general. They reveal the need of relaxation through the exercise of the imagination. This need is manifest in the people of dictatorial as well as democratic countries. One arrives at the conclusion that "America wants Magic, not Logic" through other means. Can one, by studying a nation's arts, formulate its practical, or governmental, character? No, but by studying its practical nature one can analyze its possible or probable—and impossible or improbable—fields of artistic or imaginative endeavor. Mr. Thompson has the cart before the horse.

Again, if America does want Magic, and not Logic (and who would want otherwise for purposes of relaxation?), is that any indication that it will not decide upon a Lenin—or a Hitler—to bring its Magic to Reality? It is, after all, the Lenins and the Hitlers who promise most of the Magic. Magic in the fanciful sphere may be manifested by a dictator in the practical.

PAUL SHANA.

New York City.

Reading under the Midnight Sun

SIR:—It has occurred to me that you might be interested in knowing what people read in Arctic Norway. In Kirkenes (the last town in Norway to the northeast on the Finnish border, probably not on any map you have) this summer I saw in a shop window a book on Edward VIII. In Harstad, one of the most attractive towns north of the Arctic Circle in Norway, I saw in a bookstore window in translation (of course!) "Yang and Yin," by Alice Tisdale Hobart; "Men Are Such Fools," by Faith Baldwin; "Europa," by Robert Briffault; "Journey to the Soviets," by André Gide; one on Mrs. Simpson, one by Priestley, the title of which I couldn't make out since my Norwegian is less than sketchy; and one by Ortega y Gasset—probably "Invertebrate Spain," though I couldn't be sure. "Yang and Yin" and "Men Are Such Fools" are evidently very popular since I saw them in bookstore windows in several cities, the latter even in a paper edition in the little shop on the mailboat on which I traveled up the coast. Some one on shipboard was reading Pearl Buck's "Exile" in Norwegian, some one else Halper's "Union Square," though I am not sure whether it was in Norwegian or German.

I also window-shopped in bookstores in Stockholm but found so many translated books there that I couldn't keep track of them: mystery stories galore including Dorothy Sayers, at least two novels by Louis Bromfield (one "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg"), several by Priestley, Faith Baldwin, Sir Philip Gibbs, Isabel Wilder, Ernest Hemingway, P. G. Wodehouse, and Pearl Buck's "Exile." There were others but those were all I could remember till I had a chance to write them down.

INEZ M. CALVERT.

New York City.

"OF COURSE ABOU BEN ADHEM'S NAME LED ALL THE REST. IT BEGAN WITH AN A."

Poetry and College Students

SIR:—You are wrong, of course. The seventh grade is not "full of the brave modern spirit, telling one another: 'Our dried voices . . . are quiet and meaningless.'" I don't pretend to say just what the seventh grade is full of—probably admirable whimsy out of A. A. Milne and appealing sentiment out of Sam Foss. But I do know what college students are full of—and it isn't the "brave modern spirit," either.

I do not praise or blame these modern collegians. I merely report: they are susceptible to poetry, but not to tenuous musing nor to subtlety in any form. They are taken by words, sonorous words, pretty words, startling words. They like pictures that are clear and make little demand upon their imagination—that's why they like Sandburg. They demand philosophies that are hopeful and trusting—no Hardy, no Housman. They are hardly aware of currents of thought not reported in the classroom text or the newspaper.

Two weeks ago I had a glimpse into the average sophomore's palace of pleasure when I asked my class to prepare a list of poems they would like to hear read aloud. I did not ask them to name pieces they thought were "important," or highbrow, but only those they would enjoy listening to. Here is the list in the order of expressed preference. I make no comment except that it is neither discouraging to one interested in student tastes, nor encouraging to one who expects college people to escape the influence of the textbook or to identify themselves with the time-spirit.

1. Poe, "Ulalume" and "The Raven"
2. Markham, "The Man With the Hoe"
3. Bryant, "To a Waterfowl"
4. Shelley, "Ode to the West Wind"
5. Robinson, "Mr. Flood's Party"
6. Millay, "Renascence"
7. Teasdale, "Barter"
8. Noyes, "Barrel Organ"
9. Sandburg, "Chicago" and "Fog"
10. Lindsay, "The Congo"
11. Frost, "Birches" and "Mending Wall"
12. Benét, "John Brown's Body"

WM. J. GRIFFIN.

State Teachers College,
St. Cloud, Minn.

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Edmonds Country

BY DAVID McCORD

WALTER EDMONDS

WHEN he was still a junior in Harvard College I met Walter Edmonds at the Signet, the undergraduate literary society, where we often went for lunch. Walter was a member of the Class of 1926. I had graduated several years before, but the Signet is noted for mixing graduates and undergraduates at the same table—where there was and is usually quite as much talk as eating. But not much talk, I remember, from the future author of "Drums Along the Mohawk." Walter was a shy youngster, and he still is shy. His circle of college friends seemed to be small but sympathetic. He said very little to strangers; and even ripening acquaintance did not carry one rapidly to the hidden oracle. Taken today, he is not yet one of those people that you know, but that you get to know. If he likes you he will lean—but still shyly—over the fence. If he doesn't like you, there's no use. He retreats upstate and is gone.

He had come to Harvard from St. Paul's and the Choate School, and he had been on the board of the *Choate Literary Magazine*. But neither that, nor any similar undergraduate fact about him, was apparent from anything he said. He had become an editor of the Harvard *Advocate* in his freshman year. He wrote a good deal for it then, not much in his sophomore year, and a great deal in his junior and senior years, when he was secretary and president. There were one or two issues which he wrote almost entirely himself—stories, editorials, perhaps even a poem. He engineered a bright parody number of *The Dial*, and contrived a story for it, signed Oneway Waistcoat. And there is a mythical recollection round the place that he once had to award himself a prize. But if he did, he has won no other prizes, and it doesn't seem to trouble him. It is not so mythical that when he came to graduate and stood for honors in English, he was asked by Professor Kittredge to translate some Anglo-Saxon. Not having looked at his Anglo-Saxon since sophomore year, or been told that he had better look at it, he declined the offer and went *laude*less to his first degree.

The insufficiency of Anglo-Saxon and Gothic roots was replaced by a course with Copey (Professor Charles Townsend Copeland) who saw early in his pupil the rare combination of the story teller's mind and an unaccountable propensity for hard work. Copey still thinks that Walter's short stories are perhaps his finest achievement; and what the pupil said of the master still stands for the complementary opinion: "If Copey had lived in the days of Elisha, he would have been set down in the Bible as a prophet." I have never seen any of Copey's marginal notations on genuine early Edmonds; but though they were likely caustic on occasion, I doubt in this case if they matched the old-time withering critique wherein the editor of "The Copeland Reader" (as one victim described it) would read to the end, smooth the composition appreciatively with his fingers, and say with feeling: "What an excellent quality of paper this writer uses!"

He shared, even then, with two other undergraduates the idea of doing a big book. Merle Colby was one. Oliver La Farge was the other. "I can't remember whether Oliver La Farge talked about 'Laughing Boy,' but I'll bet him five dollars he can't tell whether I talked about 'Rome Haul.' We were all filled with a fine impatience to do the Great American Novel." At the age of twelve he had written "Snippy-Doodle" and the biography of a Great Horned Owl. So he was branded from the first.

Walter D. Edmonds, as even the readers of his book-jackets will know, is an upstate New Yorker. His full name is Walter Dumaux Edmonds, and though he tried to drop the middle name in professional use, his family wouldn't hear of it. They compromised on the initial. It was his grandfathers of both sides who prepared him unknowingly for his trade. Great-grandfather Jean Dumaux married a Marie Ducroix. Their daughter was Eugénie Dumaux who married Walter's grandfather, Judge John Henry Edmonds. Through the Edmondses Walter is descended from Peter Bulkeley, first minister in Concord, Mass. ("so I am all right from a NE point of view"). "On the other side," he says, "we are mostly May family. One of the Mays assisted at the Salem witch business but afterwards got up in Church and said he now felt it was all a mistake." The Mays were mixed up in the Revolution, and married Coffins who hadn't liked the looks of the *Mayflower* and came over in their own boat. Great-grandfather May was Unitarian minister in Syracuse and "one of the first and biggest abolitionists, a friend of Channing, Garrison, and Gerrit Smith. He also ran the underground station in Syracuse, which was his house." Judge (courtesy title) John Henry Edmonds, long before his grandson was born, sank all his money in what amounted to American Telegraph. But thinking this too much like putting his upstate eggs in one basket, he took all the money out and reinvested it in second Oneida County farm mortgages. It was one of these mortgages which brought to light near Boonville (environs of Utica) the farm called Northlands, now long in the Edmonds family, and where the novelist lives almost from snow to snow. The Judge's son (or Walter D. Edmonds, Sr.) "had the same financial gift to a lesser degree, as shown when he turned down the job of patenting shredded wheat for 50% of the future profits. But he had a better reason. He told the gentleman who invented it that he did not like dry cereals and would have nothing to do with anything but oatmeal, cornmeal-mush, and hominy—in that order." Of such inherited talents is a writer made.

When he left Harvard, Walter was a slight, rather high-strung-looking lad. He has kept the figure, and his friends know that the stringing is of steel. He looks young for his years. He has dark, close-cropped hair, a slow smile, quick wit, and the capacity for great laughter when somebody's hammer strikes fire. His tastes which were always simple lead him gently toward tweed suits and other comfortable

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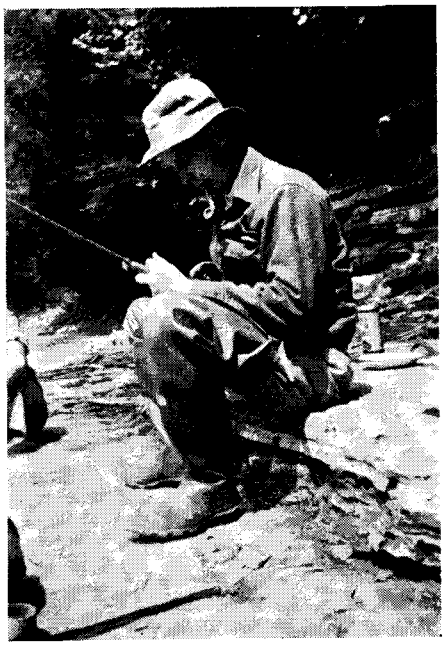
clothes; but it is characteristic that he stood up to be married in 1930, cleaving close to his French ancestral grace, and wearing a faultlessly tied stock.

When he was free to start, he made quick tracks for Northlands and snowed himself in for the winter. He had submitted a story in English 12 called "The End of the Towpath" (you will find it in "Mostly Canallers") which had won the coveted Copeland praise of sounding a brand new note. It was sold to *Scribner's* in 1925 and printed in 1926. Sixteen stories were finished before the end of 1927. Including the one mentioned, a minority of seven were sold: two more to *Scribner's*, one other to the *Atlantic*, one to the departed *Dial*, and one to *McCall's*. This offered diluted encouragement. "I think they added up to about nine hundred dollars, which isn't much of an income; and however seriously a writer is supposed to pursue the craft for art's sake, I have yet to meet one who isn't actually writing to make money."

For this reason he began to send out what he called timid feelers for possible jobs on editorial staffs, one of them to the *Atlantic*. He left Boonville late in the fall of '27, at a minute's notice, on a letter from Editor Ellery Sedgwick who said that he would like to talk about Mr. Edmonds's work. Mr. Sedgwick asked him whether he had ever considered a novel about the Erie Canal. Ever considered! It was a fatal idea. Most of those sixteen stories were about the canal. "Two hours later," says the man who eventually signed "Rome Haul," "as I was getting into the book nicely, Mr. Sedgwick, though he had been a patient man, asked for a summary of the rest." Mr. Edmonds was floored by the question. At the age of twenty-five, as he reports it, "one does not summarize to any great extent." He had been planning the novel as he talked, and had not the faintest idea of the ending. His voice ran down like a spent victrola, and Mr. Sedgwick suggested that he come to Boston where there was no rabbit shooting, take a room, and write the book. It is a fact that Mr. Sedgwick counseled him on the virtues of daily industry. "If you will give me the manuscript in four months, I'll print it. But you had better make up your mind to work every morning at a regular hour." He did not know his man. By the first of November Mr. Edmonds was locally installed in a room with a typewriter; and the second morning he wrote "Rome Haul" at the top of the sheet, Chapter One under it, and under that "The Road and the Peddler." He finished the first chapter by lunch time; from then on he wrote from five to twenty-five pages a day.

The author caught cold writing the chapter about the blizzard. That is a literal fact. Now (some ten years later) he wishes he could recapture that conviction, "when everything seemed good and I had neither the time nor the inclination to question a word." He delivered his manuscript on February 27, nearly five hundred pages long. A victim of daily industry, Mr. Sedgwick asked that 30,000 words be cut, and added that as much as 70,000 could be cut before he would be entirely satisfied. But they cut only the minimum, and "Rome Haul" was published on February 16, 1929. The next book was thrown away. After that came "The Big Barn" (1930), "Erie Water" (1933), "Mostly Canallers"—collected short stories (1934), and "Drums Along the Mohawk" (1936).

With "Rome Haul" he was established, as the publishers say. But he was also plagued with letters about Mother Hubbards, chocolate cake, Holstein cows, medicine, and the weight of horses. He received the gift of some Indian teeth. Did he know that the first plate glass in Utica was used in a canal house of resort near Bentley's? Why hadn't he put that in? He became more conscientious with



WALTER EDMONDS
On the Black River, a few miles from his farm.

his next book; and the last two novels in particular were each preceded by more than a year of historical reading and research. . . . When Marc Connelly agreed to make a play of "Rome Haul" ("The Farmer Takes a Wife") and did, Alexander Woollcott spoke of his own book as "While Rome Hauls."

Like his character Cosmo Turbe, Walter Edmonds is "an active man" with the "active ideas" he speaks about in "The Cruise of the Cashalot." But the reference to his early stories that *were* sold is quite correct; the passive voice refers to Mr. Harold Ober who has been his friend and literary agent almost from the beginning. Walter sent a sheaf to Paul Reynolds in New York in 1927. Ober was there at the time, and when he set up for himself but shortly after, Walter stayed with him. Ober sold "The Trapper" to the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1933, and from then on the shadow of the canal, or at least of its people, has fallen frequently across its pages.

Though the Pulitzer has passed him by, Union College in Schenectady on June 8, 1936, conferred on him the degree of Litt.D. The citation was long—"deeply touched with affection for this homeland and its people," etc.; but one phrase of it remains: "Walter Dumaux Edmonds—second builder of our Grand Canal." The second builder was thirty-two at the time, and by some quirk of fate he walked out at the side of Professor George Lyman Kittredge, who had just received the degree of Doctor of Civil Law and who is Honorary Chancellor of Union University. An eye-witness recalls that little or nothing was said between them, certainly nothing on the subject of Anglo-Saxon and Gothic roots and attendant honors in English.

The Edmonds home in winter is in Cambridge, Massachusetts, but all voting is done at Boonville, a safe Republican town. Northlands runs to 1,000 acres, and many idle hours of an author are consumed in fly casting along the Lansingkill or plugging for bass round sunken barges in the canal. Walter's family consists of his wife (who was Eleanor Livingston Stetson), and two young children: Peter Bulkeley and Eleanor D. His wife and grown relations call him "Wat." He is fond of spaniels, has just acquired a new bird dog, and takes pride in his soaring delphiniums. His mornings and often his afternoons are devoted to a pipe and typewriter behind semi-sealed doors in his house. He is working at present on "Chad Hanna," a circus story of the first rolling shows in upstate New York in the 1830's.

Between turning the platen and ringing the bell, he sometimes thinks of some limestone blocks in a lock or two on the Lansingkill of which he hopes some day to build a new stone house. He may often be taken at backgammon or on the end of a nine-foot 2X leader, according to season. It seems useless to try other methods. The writer once invited him to a concert with full knowledge that his affection for music is somewhat limited to Edith Sturgis's collection of Vermont songs which he has absorbed into one of his books. He sat patiently with a sad, deflated air, though now and then a flicker of happiness would cross his face. It was thought that he murmured once or twice to himself. Nothing was said of the unfortunate incident, but in a letter (and he is one of the best of letter writers) he wrote a month or two afterward: "The dog fight story which I thought of at the concert grossed $900, Ober getting a raise of $150 out of Lorimer."

David McCord has written several volumes of verse and belles-lettres, including "Oddly Enough" and "Bay Window Ballads."

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

City of Cities

"BEAUTIFUL, ugly, kind, cruel, comic, terrifying and cock-eyed. What a privilege to have an entrée to the spectacle!" On this note Hulbert Footner concludes his fine book, *New York, City of Cities*. For such a show he is the ideal spectator. With humor, with sympathy, and with most lucid observation, he effaces himself in the vast chiaroscuro, becomes corpuscular in the bloodstream. He is neither prostrated with anguish at the city's horrors nor is he for a moment fooled by her café society which is public mascara at the moment. He has as much fun on 14th Street as on Fifth Avenue. What clear-headed urbane philosophical fun it is. How rarely is a book of this kind written by a man of culture, maturity, wide-ranging travel and reflective temper. He is, as he has always been, a superb reporter, and he brings to the mystery of New York City the same even shrewdness, the same flair for character and motive that he has always shown in his best detective stories. This book, the tribute of one who has loved Manhattan since boyhood, is written with such sly and quiet competence that its charm might too easily be overlooked.

Of all Mr. Footner's adventures in revisiting the town he loves, the one I most envy happened at the still unfinished Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Like the rest of us he grieves that "this magnificent gothic structure does not in the least express our times nor our people." But then mark what he found. In the huge empty nave "they had set up a two room flat just as it had been torn from a miserable tenement house on West 59th Street. This was in connection with the church's drive for better housing for the poor. No dreary detail of the stained walls, the rattling windows, the poor sticks of furniture, had been omitted; they had even set up the common water closet in the hall. Only the smell had not been brought uptown. It was an astonishing thing to find in the cathedral, but it was an inspiration on the party of somebody."

Yes, I wish I had seen that. It moves me to reconsider some of my notions about the episcopate.

Mr. Footner is wise enough to know that no book can cover the whole of his gigantic subject. He limits himself for the most part to Manhattan Island, and goes about in his sleuthy fashion, inconspicuously conning and eavesdropping. He is in a sense a stool pigeon between the mystery (New York itself) and the inquisitive reader. It is not surprising that one of his most admired characters is a detective-sergeant at Police Headquarters. Detective Chris Hodge and Miss Elsa Maxwell—he saw the latter put on a fashion show at Hearn's on 14th Street, where Footner was the only man present—are equally subjects of his temperate and humorous homage. Adam-and-Eves-dropping is his specialty. Some of the most disturbing and tantalizing things in his testament are unfinished scraps of overheard conversation. It could only have been written by a man who smokes a pipe. He puts New York in his pipe and smokes it.

I do not forget, reading this book, that Mr. Footner created one of my most favorite detectives, Madame Storey who "specialized in the psychological." Women, who have one more mystery than men—a reflexive insoluble, themselves—will find special subtlety in this book's point of view. I am tempted toward a divergence into the intelligence of females, which is extraordinary and marvellously concealed. Women readers will best divine this peculiar detached and mischievous spectatorship. No one else has so shrewdly annotated their outward gaieties—see his remarks on feminine costumes on Madison Avenue—or the weariness of their eyes in fashionable restaurants. He does not specifically say so, but I think he knows that they love the pavement of Park Avenue because it trembles. What a parable, my countrymen. The whole of Park Avenue trembles, and has for a long time. Mr. Footner feigns to admire it, but his heart is not there. Except for the old Anderson Galleries building, what a routine street it is. How much more excitement aboard the *Alice M. Moran* (a towboat) or in the Psychopathic Ward at Bellevue. But true philosopher, Mr. Footner does not compare his different kinds of fun; nor do I. Take them in your stride. His stride is steady, companionable, serene. From those vigorous little character sketches of certain Wall Street personalities to the colored editors of Harlem he moves on evenly accepted terms. Whether it is Hattie Carnegie (née Konengeiser) or Buck McNeill the boatman at the Battery he gets along equally. I think he grins a little about Juliana Cutting (née Cutting) and the administration of debutancy; but everyone since Henry James (or Washington Irving?) has grinned at the New York Society that gets into the papers. It's a struggle between Cuttings and Press Cuttings, and there has been nothing funnier since Mr. Pepys.

I hope lots of out-of-towners will read this book, and make notes of things they would like to see. Just for a moment I was afraid Mr. Footner, with his appetite for the dramatic, was going to be carried away by the fashionable restaurants and the cover-charge empire. But he rallies, escapes from El Morocco and Stork and 21 to Lüchow's or Mori's (as the old Latin songster said, "Mihi est propositum in taberna mori," I was proposed to at Mori's). He knows that often the highly publicized spots really are more beautiful—the Rainbow Room's cocktail lounge at dusk, "where every

(Continued on page 16)

SHAPES OF THE FUTURE: *Frank Monaghan and Grover Whalen show H. G. Wells models of the New York World's Fair.*

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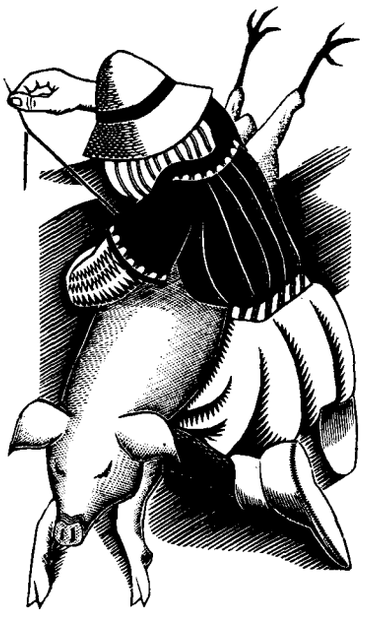

COKYNTRYCE

Take a Capoun, and skald hym, and draw hem clene, and smyte hem a-to in the waste across; take a Pigge, and skald hym, and draw hym in the same maner, and smyte hem also in the waste; take a nedyl and a threde, and sewe the fore partye of the Capoun to the After parti of the Pygge; and the fore partye of the Pigge to the hynder party of the Capoun, & than stuffe hem as thou stuffyst a Pigge; putte hem on a spete, and Roste hym: and whan he is y-now, gild hem with yolkys of Eyroun, and pouder Gyngere and Safroun, thenne wyth the Jus of Percely withowte; and then serve it forth for a ryal mete.

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Doubling in Literature

(*Continued from page* 4)

systems of lesser books revolve through all aspects from apposition to opposition. Schurz, besides much purely political writing, journalistic but well done, turned out the classic "Henry Clay," which is the ornament of the American Statesmen series; in two volumes to the others' one, because, as he explained to the editor of the series, Clay had been on both sides of every public question and demanded twice as much explanation as any other statesman.

William Grayson belongs with Brand Whitlock in a special group of men who used popular literature as a means of political propaganda. "The Turn of the Balance" and its results are too well known to need much comment; Grayson's piece, now less familiar, was a long poem, produced under Legaré's influence:

> How small the choice [it begins] from cradle to the grave,
> Between the lot of hireling and of slave!
> To each alike applies the stern decree
> That man shall labor; whether bond or free.

—and goes on to compare the slave with the industrial worker to the advantage of the former (*New Masses* please copy) in a manner which made it a best seller in the South befo' the waw.

Brackenridge possesses a certain importance in the history of the development of the American mind. He was a Maryland politician of Revolutionary days with a curious personal history. He intended the ministry, but books were so scarce that his Latin was limited to a single volume of Horace. A cow chewed Horace and the apprentice pastor went into politics, wrote for the newspapers, and then turned out a declamatory poem, "Bunker's Hill," apparently as propaganda. It was successful; he followed it with a combination of political satire and picaresque novel—"Modern Chivalry," a book wildly popular, frequently quoted, and much imitated through the West and South of the Jackson period, though by the 1850's it had so disappeared that Griswold had difficulty finding a copy.

Ignatius T. T. Donnelly is certainly not a major literary figure on the strength of "Cæsar's Column" and "Atlantis," but as certainly deserves mention as the founder of the belief widespread in the rural back-blocks of America, that the Indians are remotely descended from Egypt.

State officials, city officials, and the bench have produced a variety of literature, most of which is important only for its authorship. The judicial papers of John Marshall and Justice Holmes are the best, both for the same reason, the beautiful logic with which the argument is carried direct from fundamental human right to the specific case; and Holmes besides is filled with aphorisms like that definition of truth as "Something I cannot help believing," not improved on since Pontius Pilate. But this is political writing if the same criterion be applied to it as in the case of the presidents; and since it is political writing we should expect the judges to turn out a superior product. The expectation is perfectly justified; behind Marshall and Holmes stand a whole series of legal figures—Chancellor Kent, Wythe of Virginia, Edward Livingston, Joseph Story, Justice Brandeis, Bushrod Washington—whose arguments and decisions still make excellent reading. Yet when these same men tried pure literature, what did they produce? Nothing or worse than nothing—Marshall's life of Washington was so bad that not even Beveridge could praise it, his poems are as stiff and flat as those of J. Q. Adams.

It is true that Royall Tyler was chief justice of Vermont and an important literary figure historically, as the author of the first play with American characters and Yankee dialect, and also of "The Algerine Captive," one of the first American novels, but no one pretends to find any merit in either work but that of originality.

Rufus Dawes of Massachusetts was a judge who, in the middle of the last century, wrote a terrific tragedy in Shakespearean blank verse with everybody stabbing everybody else in the final scene. It was called "Athenia of Damascus" and produced with some success in Philadelphia. But this again is a special case; Edwin Forrest produced it and Forrest seems to have been the central figure of a curious literary movement in the Quaker City which drew in every prominent political figure of the period. For one, he started off George Henry Boker, politician, poet, ambassador, who at the actor's solicitation wrote four historical tragedies, all successful. In the meanwhile Forrest had a long run in a drama entitled "Jack Cade," by Robert T. Conrad, then Mayor of the city, who complains in a letter still extant that he has received only $44.36 as his share after having three times rewritten the production, always in the most dramatic "Ha! runagate rogue!" style.

One other Mayor, A. Oakey Hall of New York, has left an imprint worth remembering on the literary records. He wrote short novels, one of which, once popular, becomes delicious when one recalls that its author was the "Elegant Oakey" of the Tweed Ring. This particular novel concerns a veteran of the wars who has long in vain conducted a personal lobby for a money grant from Congress in view of past heroisms. He has a beautiful daughter; the daughter falls in love with and charms away a handsome young man, who turns out to be the son of the Representative whose committee has charge of the private pension bill.

(*Continued on page* 16)

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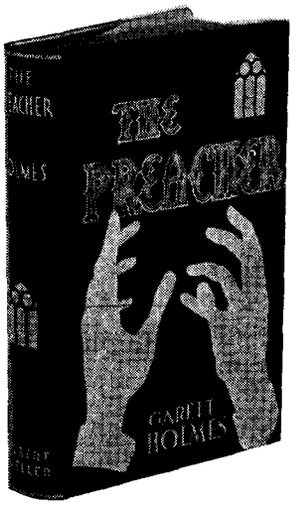

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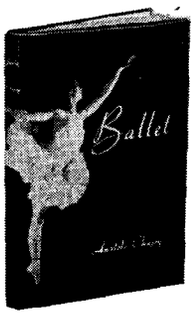

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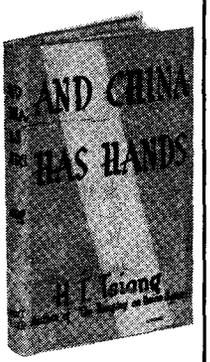

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Doubling in Literature

(*Continued from page* 14)

The happy ending is the triumph of this raid on the Treasury, with the lovers getting married on Uncle Sam's dowry.

Of all the political figures who have doubled in literature only two seem to have attempted humor, if one exclude Brackenridge's "Modern Chivalry." Joseph G. Baldwin was a jurist in both Alabama and California; Mark Twain's manner certainly owes more to Baldwin's "Flush Times in Alabama" than it does to the more frequently cited Artemus Ward. Nicholas (United States Bank) Biddle, who edited the Lewis and Clark journals (and a fine job, too), also wrote a burlesque ode to a famous Philadelphia waiter who did undertaking as a side line:

> Bogle! Not he whose shadow flies
> Before the frightened Scotchman's eyes,
> But thou of Eighth and Sanson, thou,
> Colorless colored man, whose brow,
> Unmoved the joys of life surveys,
> Dauntless the gloom of death displays,
> Reckless if joy or gloom prevail—
> Stern, multifarious Bogle—Hail!

Yet there is one production which escapes all classification, the work of Admiral David Dixon Porter, then acting Secretary of the Navy. It is a novel, "Allan Dare and Robert le Diable," which runs Gaboriau's "Monsieur Lecoq" a close race for being the first detective novel in the world and is certainly one of the goofiest ever printed. It opens with a mysterious and powerfully built young man entering the office of the Police Chief of New York, announcing himself as Allan Dare and his mission that of obtaining a post as a detective. "What are your qualifications?"

"Have you another?" he asks, picking up the poker to twist it into a corkscrew, puts his fist through a two-inch oak door, and lifts at arm's length the table on which the paralyzed official is standing.

"Amazement!" ejaculates the Chief. It is the right word; Allan pursues a desperate band of criminals, led by his brother (of similar physical powers) and a fatal French marquise, through nine volumes of amazement, adventure, and intrigue.

The book fell flat; the admiral had it dramatized to promote sales and persuaded General Sherman into a box with him on opening night. The morning newspaper critics, judiciously primed with whiskey and cigars, announced that "he handles fate like an Aeschylus" but nothing could make either book or play go, so Porter wrote his memoirs and retired.

Now what is to be made of this hodgepodge? Can anything be made of it? It is observable that the best and most numerous specimens (by comparison with the period in which they fall) of pure literature by political figures come in the years before the Jacksonian revolution rendered it unnecessary and even undesirable for American politicians to make any pretence of devotion to extra-curricular culture. One of the reproaches against Van Buren was his bookishness, and the administrations from 1828 to 1860 produced hardly so much as a good volume of letters, except for the little flare-up that centered round the personality of Edwin Forrest. It is noteworthy that even Van Buren's diary did not come to light till there was a swing in the other direction following the turn of the century, the swing that brought in Theodore Roosevelt, John Hay, Whitlock, Lodge, and Beveridge. At the same time the curve of excellence on any graph of writing political at first or second hand seems to follow this same movement—extremely high, never higher in any country, in the early days of the republic, when Franklin, Hamilton, Madison, Jefferson, the first Adams, John Marshall, were all writing away like mad. Then down with the Jackson administration, rising slowly through the post-Civil War Republican presidencies to a lesser climax under Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson.

What does it all mean? What is the explanation? It would be interesting to hear one; for if it is easy to say that the educated, book-writing class does not go in for politics in this country, it is equally easy to point out that the works of the American legal writers (for instance) were not produced by men who lacked either education, leisure, or delight in the carefully turned phrase—nor did lack of formal education keep Franklin and Lincoln from writing very well.

Fletcher Pratt is the author of several books, including "Hail Cæsar."

The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page* 12)

visitor to New York should have a drink," he says; or the tower apartments at the Waldorf. And he knows that the places that really are "exclusive" never get into print. As soon as they do, the magi move on.

It would be fun to set a little examination paper on Mr. Footner's book. Why is East 61, anomalously, an Eastbound Street? Where is Marie Curie Avenue? What great hospital center has a swastika design on its central chimney? What restaurant has fatter patrons than any other? Where is the extra show-window that rises from the pavement at night to fill the front doorway of the store? Where is the oldest drugstore, unchanged since 1805? Where are the Jewish Alps? What Negro poet has a fine block of apartments named for him? Who has the most alluring show windows on Fifth Avenue? Mr. Footner has a particular passion for window display and says many interesting things: the department store merchandizing managers should study this book. He sees storekeeping as the fine intuitive art it is, and whether the subject is Bonwit Teller or S. Klein he is equally obser-

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vant. Did you know that Klein had to give up advertising because the store couldn't hold any more customers? As the magnificent truncated quotation on the Daily News Building says (I'm sorry he didn't mention this)—"There are so many of them."—The shrewdest compliment paid this book was that it had scarcely been published when Mr. Marcus, the Fifth Avenue jeweller—whose windows we also have so long admired—hastened to invite the author for a talk about the delicacies of display.

None pays homage to so brilliant a mistress (by the way, some worthy husbands Down Town are going to be a bit grieved by Mr. Footner's remarks on their Sex Life) without incurring suggestions from jealous rivals. I think our author is a little unfair to the Columbia Library. It's all they have, poor dears, in the way of architecture: I like them to be proud of it. I wish, while he was reconnoitering Grant's Tomb, he had mentioned the Amiable Child near by. I think Lord and Taylor had second-story show windows (to catch eyes on the bus-tops) long before Mr. Kress came to the Avenue. And surely the Diana he saw at the Museum of the City of New York is not our old darling of Madison Square? The original Diana is, astonishingly, in Philadelphia. I know because I implored Mr. Whalen to get her back here for the World's Fair; but they said she wouldn't fit into their scheme of architectonics. I disagree with Mr. Footner about the Yiddish Hurdler at Rockefeller Center. He calls him Prometheus with a Stomach Ache and thinks him an unusual decoration which will be made welcome by time.

> Risen out of the trader's
> Brutal and sordid wars—
> And yet behold! a city
> Wonderful under the stars!

So Don Marquis wrote long ago in his *Dreams and Dust*. And Mr. Footner, like every other whose heart is capable of stir, does not see only our great lady's moods of cockeyed comedy and exhibitionism. In the poet's truest vein is his description of the lights at dusk seen from the RCA building. Few of us will ever find the words required when we feel the town's rending and bewitching beauty. Footner reminds us that the space (in that same building) allotted to Rivera's cancelled mural is still blank. "Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Todd" (the great engineer in charge of the whole Center) "have not been able to agree on anything to take its place." There indeed is a vacancy for some noble symbolism. Perhaps it would be wiser not to choose anything so at the mercy of changing modes as graphic art. Words alone would do:

I said before, one perfect line is in the 6th Book of the *Æneid:* DESCRIBENT RADIO ET SURGENTIA SIDERA DICENT; but probably better still something from Walt Whitman. Let's argue about it.

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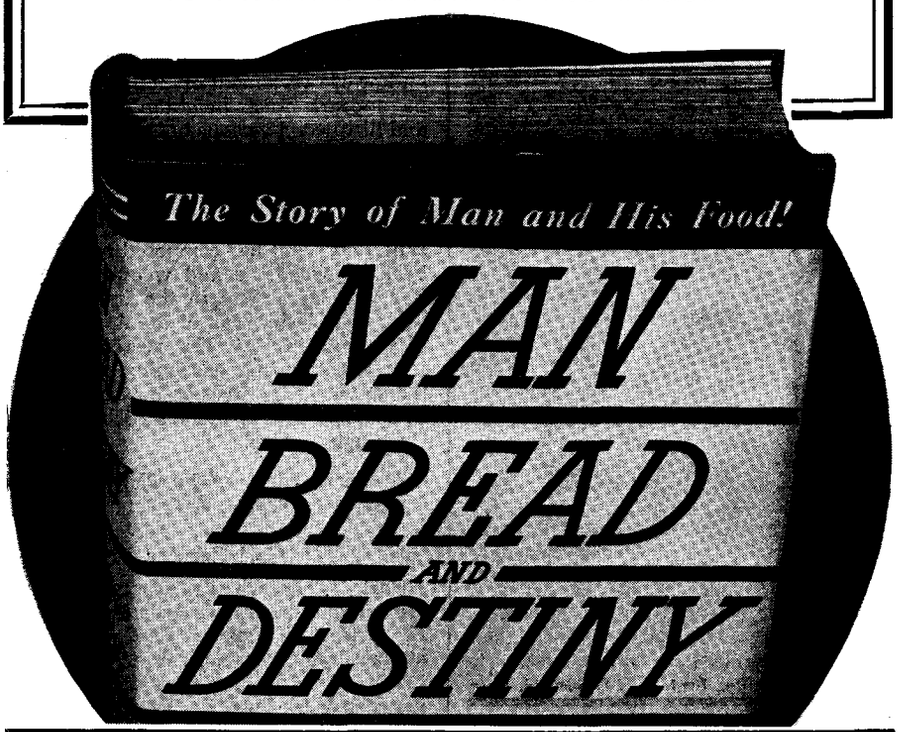

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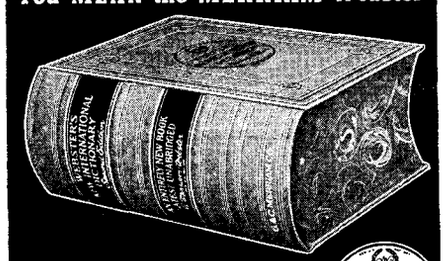

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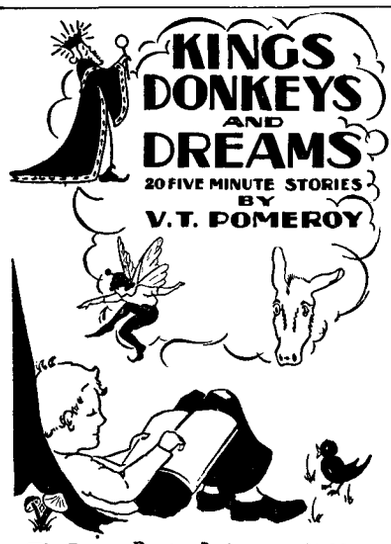

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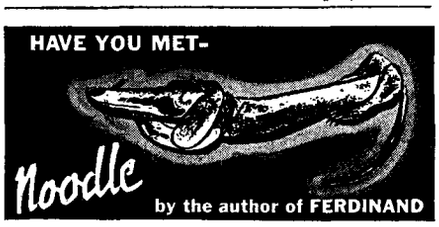

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Authors of the Week

Clare Leighton

Miss Leighton is in private life the wife of Henry Noel Brailsford, the English political writer. Her father was a writer of stories for boys, her mother a writer of melodramas. Born in 1899, she was educated privately and then attended the Brighton School of Art and the Slade School. Her brother was Roland Leighton, killed in the World War, who at the time of his death was engaged to Vera Brittain, author of "Testament of Youth," in which he appears. Miss Leighton has written and illustrated various books for children, has illustrated with wood engravings such famous novels as "Wuthering Heights," Hardy's "The Return of the Native," and Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," and has composed a technical book on woodcuts and wood-engraving. She won first prize in the International Engraving Exhibition of the Art Institute of Chicago in 1930. Her recreations, she says, are bicycling, gardening, music, and the country. She lives at Belsize Gardens in London and at Monk's Risborough in Buckinghamshire.

"Country Matters," by Clare Leighton, is reviewed on page 6.

Carl Carmer

Carl Carmer, who has dropped his middle name, Lamson, was born in Cortland, N. Y., in 1893, took his Ph.B. and Ph.M. at Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y. (1914, 1917) and his M.A. at Harvard (1915). He instructed in English at Syracuse University and the University of Rochester, was head of the public speaking department at Hamilton in 1919, returned to Rochester as assistant professor 1919-21, and was then associate professor and full professor at the University of Alabama for the period 1921 to 1927. As columnist on the New Orleans *Morning Tribune*, and assistant editor of *Vanity Fair* and the *Theatre Arts Monthly* in New York, Carl Carmer rounded out his experience, which has also included service as a First Lieutenant of Field Artillery in the late World War. His first book to come to public attention was one of verse, called "Deep South"; with "Stars Fell on Alabama" in 1934 he found himself on the best-seller lists. He lives in New York below 14th Street, plays first-rate amateur tennis during the summer, has done some of his writing at the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough, New Hampshire, and enjoys life generally. In 1928 he married Elizabeth Black of New Orleans, who has illustrated his present book.

"The Hurricane's Children," by Carl Carmer, is reviewed on page 6.

Ernest Dimnet

The Very Reverend Abbé Dimnet, canon of Cambray Cathedral, became famous in 1928 for his tremendously popular book "The Art of Thinking." But his writing life began thirty years before that, when he was doing articles for English magazines and working as French correspondent for *The Pilot* and *The North American Review*. He was born in 1869 in French Flanders, near the Channel. In his early life he knew the French political conflict between Monarchists and Republicans. He was always fascinated by English life and literature, and taught English at the Collège Stanislas in Paris for many years. As a Roman Catholic priest he began writing books, one of which, "Figures de Moines," was crowned by the French Academy in 1908. He followed it by the first book in French on the Brontë sisters. In 1919 Abbé Dimnet was Lowell lecturer at Harvard and in 1923 French lecturer at Williamstown.

"My New World," by Ernest Dimnet, is reviewed on page 5.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 193)

VACHEL LINDSAY—"STAR OF MY HEART"

Except the Christ be born again tonight
In dreams of all men, saints and sons of shame,
The world will never see his kingdom bright.
Star of all Hearts, lead onward thro' the night
To that far sky where mystic births begin. . . .

First Family

STRATFORD HALL, THE GREAT HOUSE OF THE LEES. By Ethel Armes. Richmond: Garrett & Massie. 1937. $10.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

STRATFORD HALL is and was one of the great houses of America and this detailed account of its history and that of its owners from Thomas Lee's time to the present will fascinate all students of Americana. The house was a focal point in the great web of the Lees; it saw their rise to fame as a family and the birth of their greatest individual figure; it witnessed much of the long, erratic tragedy of "Light Horse Harry" Lee's later years; it survived both "Black Horse Harry" Lee and the war, and now is a national shrine. It is curious to trace, in Miss Armes's pages, the rise and decline of house and clan—the good days and the bad ones—the odd, Faulkneresque turn of fate that made Elizabeth McCarty for fifty years mistress of Stratford (she and "Black Horse Harry" had caused a reverberating scandal in her youth and she wore black to the end of her days because of it)—and all the incrustations of fact and legend that gather about such a house. Miss Armes has gone to original sources, many of them previously unpublished documents, and the volume is copiously and handsomely illustrated with portraits, photographs, architects' plans, and Lee letters. There is an agreeable little foreword by President Roosevelt. Necessarily, perhaps, the volume is expensive and Miss Armes's point of view tends now and then toward the sentimental. But as a detailed and thorough history of one of the historic houses of this country, it reflects great credit both upon Miss Armes and the various foundations and organizations that made her work possible.

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The New Books

Biography

THREE WAYS HOME. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harpers. 1937. $2.50.

A young English girl whose name would have been Smith had not her mother, "bless her, been a snob," grew up in Sussex with three life ambitions pacing her course. The triple purpose rode, inseparably, a single saddle. She loved her native countryside and wanted always to live in it. She was deeply religious, thought heaven must be very like Sussex, and hoped to be very High Church when she grew up. She was articulate and imaginative about both religion and country, and planned to become a famous author on rural life.

"Three Ways Home," her "experiment in autobiography," is a triptych of striking and curious design. Her thesis is not a testimonial of conversion. If it were, it would be more nearly an autobiography, for it would present mile-posts of religious identification as dramatic incidents, instead of as facts in logical progression. There is drama, certainly, in a leader of the Anglo-Catholic movement marrying an Anglican clergyman; in finding, with her husband, a lack of unity in their mutual faith; in turning, with him, to Rome. The facts have their own drama, but they are unadorned.

The most interesting part of the book is the discussion of Miss Kaye-Smith's own writing, its relationship to her personal life, and the methods by which she has planned and executed it. Persons interested in the writing craft and its professional psychology will find "Three Ways Home" a graph of amazing astuteness.

I. R. A. C.

Fiction

SOME PLANT OLIVE TREES. By Emma Gelders Sterne. Dodd, Mead. 1937. $2.50.

This tale is built around a charming subject for a historical novel—the colony of Bonapartist refugees who migrated to Alabama territory to plant the vine and the olive and to translate the dreams of Rousseau into social reality — but the author does not succeed in lifting the book out of the category of merely competent writing. Perhaps one of the difficulties is that it is sometimes hard to know whether to take the book as history or as fiction. But the conversation is never truly dramatic, and the characters remain shadows to the end. From what one knows of the colony, it would seem that General Desnouettes, known to contemporary Americans as "Mr. De Snouts," ought to provide a significant central character, but the novelist has put him to one side and written instead a merely conventional bit of historical fiction.

H. M. J.

TOMORROW IS OURS. By Louise Redfield Peattie. Putnams. 1937. $2.50.

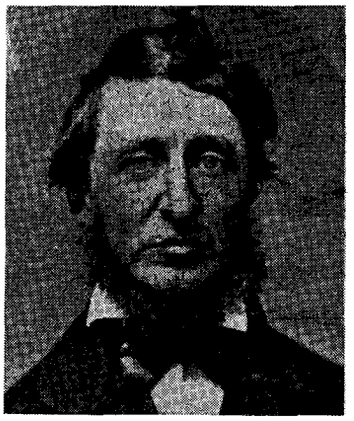
The characters in "Tomorrow Is Ours" glimmer with the bright inwoven colors of figures in a tapestry, and we are interested in them not because they are like anything in life, but precisely because they are so remote from it. Mrs. Peattie has steeped them in a rich, romantic glow, she has hemmed them away from life in a country of her imagination, and played music over them, old strains from song and opera. The result is a book that is a blend of echoes, sometimes curiously fascinating, sometimes hollow-ringing, but the whole effect is of something overcharged.

The fundamental idea of the story is beautifully set forth. The Costains, Sydney and Sigrid, who have broken conventions, who have lost the world of riches and success for love, and never regretted it, nevertheless find themselves, when their children grow up and are confronted with problems similar to their own, unalterably aligned on the side of convention. There is a theme as strong as it is true, but instead of working it

One Man Revolution

by SINCLAIR LEWIS

Once upon a time in America there was a scholar who conducted a one-man revolution and won it. He died 75 years ago, and we aren't within 75 years of catching up with him. He was Henry Thoreau, who helped to make Concord, Mass., as vast as London. He wanted, more than anything else, to buy his own time, and not to "buy time" on the radio—that cosmic feat—but to buy it from life; and out of that time he wanted leisure, not to sleep or shout or show off to the neighbors, but to enjoy the fruits of his growing brains and the delights of his ever-sharpening eyes, that took in not the clumsy hewings of the Acropolis or the Taj Mahal, but the divine delicacies of twigs and bird wings and morning ripples on Walden Pond.



Henry David Thoreau

He did not merely want it. He did it. Devoting a shrewd Yankee brain to the accurate measuring of his own wants, he saw just how few things he needed to wear and eat and own in order to be comfortable. No half-jeering questions of his neighbors could induce him to toil—as surveyor, as pencil maker—for one pennyworth more. He built his own warm shack, and in it he lived with a dignity vaster than any harassed emperor. He was popular in his social set, though it was not composed of the humble Bedauxes of his day, but of swallows and chipmunks and sunfish, and other swift, elegant, and shining notabilities.

All this, with gaiety and warmth, he wrote out in "Walden," one of the three or four unquestionable classics of American literature; published in 1854 and more modern than Dos Passos. The greater noises of his human circle, such as Emerson and Hawthorne and Louisa May Alcott's powerfully argumentative papa, considered him amiable but idiotic, and he is outlasting all of them.

His WALDEN, and all that is important from his other books, with notes and biography by Henry S. Canby, in an 848-page volume handsomely published by Houghton Mifflin at $5, is the book-buy of the year. I am burning a candle in the hope that 100,000 copies will be given as Christmas presents this year, to all young persons who are, and very reasonably, worrying about their economic futures, all married couples envious of their friends' automobiles, all Communists, all reactionaries, and all who have been affected by a phenomenon which, if I remember, I mentioned last week, i. e., Dale Carnegie, the Bard of Babbittry.

Regarding the enthusiastic doctrines of Dr. Carnegie, Thoreau wrote, 82 years before "How To" was published:

"It is very evident what mean and sneaking lives many of you live . . . lying, flattering, contracting yourselves into a nutshell of civility or dilating into an atmosphere of thin and vaporous generosity, that you may persuade your neighbor to let you make his shoes or his hat . . making yourselves sick, that you may lay up something against a sick day . . . I have traveled a great deal in Concord; and everywhere, in shops, and offices, and fields, the inhabitants have appeared to me to be doing penance in a thousand remarkable ways."

I would not set Andrew Carnegie and Heywood Broun as the captains of our freedom, now that it is menaced by Italy, by Germany, by Japan—and by the United States of America. But Henry Thoreau I would set, and this man, to whom the very notion of dictatorship would be inconceivable, I would make the supreme Duce.

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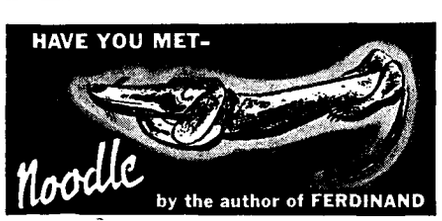

out in its psychological complexities, Mrs. Peattie has simply played Providence to her characters and arranged things nicely for them. She has thereby distinctly cheapened her novel.

The character of Sigrid is memorable, a crystallization of a Northern ideal of womanhood, the woman loved in Scandinavian songs and German lieder. There is an illogical charm, too, in the descriptive spell cast over Sigrid's Staten Island house, which appears to us as a house in a forest in Scandinavia. Time and place are not real in this story. There is only its own romantic atmosphere.

C. C.

Poetry

THE COUNTRY SCENE. By John Masefield and Edward Seago. Macmillan. 1937. $18.50.

This sumptuous book should really be listed quite as much under Art as under Poetry, for Mr. Seago's pictures are better than Masefield's poems. The English countryside, hunting, village scenes, the forge, the fair, the gypsy, the fisherman, the ploughman, horses and engines, Christmas mummers, and bellringers, all these are themes for the artist, and the poet laureate furnishes side by side his own interpretation of the pictures, which are here beautifully reproduced in expensive plates. We do not say that Mr. Masefield has not done a workmanlike job. He has. But naturally he has proceeded "on assignment," and poetry of the first class is never written in that way. His little poem upon "The Marcham Hams," which almost approaches light verse is, as a matter of fact, one of his best efforts here, though "A Midwife's Story" shows a bit of the *flair* he has for the eerie in country superstition.

W. R. B.

Travel

ISLAND IN THE SUN. By Geoffrey and Kit Bret Harte. Little, Brown. $3.

This is doubtless one of the few books that has ever been written about the island of Ischia. If it is as widely read as it well might be, it won't be the last. The authors make Ischia sound so completely the island-hunter's paradise that it can only be described by the island-hunter's favorite word — unspoiled. Unlike the Balearics, unlike Capri, unlike any other Mediterranean island you can think of, Ischia, which oddly enough lies in the tourist-ridden Bay of Naples, is still safe in the hands of its peasants.

Against the advice of various concierges in Naples and Capri, Mr. and Mrs. Bret Harte went to Ischia for their honeymoon and, having found it exactly what they hoped, they stayed a year. They found the scenery beautiful, the peasants hospitable, and the food and drink delectable, but I think what must have made their year there so thoroughly enchanted was their own light-heartedness, good-humor, and freshness of view-point. The Bret Hartes are good-humored, if frank, even about the winter. Between them they have produced a book which, except for some rather incongruous honeymoon sentimentality, is as delightful as the island they portray.

L. A.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

NOW that Old Q has his cabin, "The Fantods," mulched and bedded down for winter, he retires to the hearth for sombre self-examination, and the sub-acid melancholias of the season —with ancillary whiskey and water. ☞"If you are willing to eat cabbage stalks," says No. 356 of Henry Hart's *700 Chinese Proverbs* (Stanford Univ. Press, $2) "you can accomplish a hundred affairs." ☞All very well, but cabbage is the first thing they take away from you when you have a colitis. Nor is old Poppyseed Quercus the only one fomenting spiritual qualms: here's Mike Williams of *The Commonweal* in a grievance about the American Booksellers' Association List of 500 Books for a home library. Mike says the list is trivial:—

"Taken seriously, it is utterly devastating. It would indicate a break in western culture much more cataclysmic than that which occurred at the time of barbarian invasions or at the Renaissance or any other period. It is puny, provincial and degradingly philistine. . . . It is hard to pick out the department which seems most loathsomely inadequate, they are all so genuinely frightful."

☞That seems to us a little severe: but we know how Mike feels: an Angel of Perfectibility was pressing him hard and suddenly he was furious to think of all humanity's petty compromises. ☞Anyhow he gives us a good sardonic cackle and we feel fine. ☞We are perpetually astonished that we only learn by accident about the kind of books we would most enjoy. We hear from a friendly parson that Mrs. Vivian Hughes's *A London Child of the Seventies, A London Girl of the Eighties,* and the new one, *A London Home in the Nineties* (all published by Oxford Press, $3 each) are grand good reading. They sound ideal gifts for a humorous and temperamental aunt.

☞We have a very special passion for aunts; we have had nearly a dozen of our own. Another amenable book for such, or for anyone disposed to a fireside evening tilting a fastidious nose and thumb toward our present civilization, is Agnes Repplier's *Eight Decades* (Houghton Mifflin, $3) which reprints some old favorites among her pleasant bluehosieries and gives as bonne bouche a fine, autobiographic cross section of each tenyears of her life. Here is a genuine grande dame in witty candor: we relish her pleasing tartness, ecumenical scholarship, and nunlike austerity of wisdom. Some day we hope to run across her *In Pursuit of Laughter* which would make (we imagine) a genial antidote for Max Eastman's book, and probably does not have on the jacket a photo of Miss Repplier roaring with merriment. ☞We like Miss Repplier's story of James Russell Lowell grumbling to her that no one called *him* the Good Gray Poet—"though I am as gray as Whitman, and quite as good—perhaps a trifle better." A. R. adds that she refrained from saying "Then there is only the poetry to consider."

The Criminal Record

In the absence of new detective fiction this week, the Hon. Judge recalls the six cases of the year which have acquitted themselves most favorably.

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*
THEY FOUND HIM DEAD *Georgette Heyer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Insp. Hannasyde, profiting by hints of inept amateur, solves curious killings of British Uncle and nephew.	Gala performance, by all-star troupe of hierophants—mixing mystery, murder, young love, banditry, etc.
THE TWITTERING BIRD MYSTERY *H. C. Bailey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Lawyer Clunk, crafty rattler of family skeletons, leads police up garden path to solution of strange killings.	Diabolical cleverness of Clunk, plus excellent surrounding cast, makes potent brew.
THE RED BOX *Rex Stout* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Poisoned candy gets wrong victim in N. Y. dress shoppe, but two more die before Nero Wolfe mops up.	Plot plays variations on ancient device, and book shows carelessness, but Wolfe is still unbeatable.
THE AFFAIR OF THE SCARLET CRAB *Clifford Knight* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Death dogs party of scientists on trip to Galapagos but observant amateur, via castaway, spots killer.	Shipboard scenes convincing, dramatic, and eventful; island stuff brilliantly colorful; solution surprising.
NIGHT OVER MEXICO *Todd Downing* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murder stalks midst mutually suspicious tourists—including sleuth Rennert—stormbound in Mexican ranch house.	Action and suspense at concert pitch throughout, characterizations vivid, background exotic, method of murder unique.
CARDS ON THE TABLE *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Host at London bridge party stabbed with H. Poirot and Inspector Battle of Scotland Yard near by.	Situation, detection, and characterization make this top notcher—but author *nearly* outsmarts herself.

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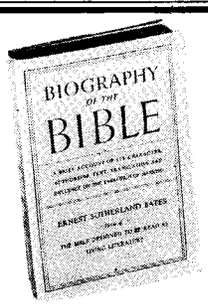

This week *The Inner Sanctum* publishes the story of the greatest story ever told—*The Biography of the Bible,* by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

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VII. *The Bible And The Stream Of Life*

The author of *The Biography of the Bible,* DR. ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES, comes from a long line of New England clergymen. He has served as professor of both English literature and philosophy in the universities of Arizona and of Oregon. He was literary editor of *The Dictionary of American Biography.* For the past five years, he has steeped himself in the Bible itself and in its story. *The Biography of the Bible* will reaffirm his status as one of America's outstanding students of humane letters, and direct still further attention to his reverent and lofty achievement in arranging and editing *The Bible Designed to be Read as Living Literature.*

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE LITTLE HOUSE seeks correspondence with Ladies and Gentlemen of discernment—Object Food—Delicious Food packed in Plantation Baskets, ready for Christmas, 107 East Gordon Street. You better write. Savannah, Georgia.

"DON'T-SNORE" device $1.00 postpaid. For snorers and mouth-breathers. Satisfaction or money back. S. K. Thaxly Co., Washington, D. C.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES. Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 88. An old-time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

MEXICO. Rest, write, paint in beautiful suburban home; quietness, comfort, library, studio, congenial guests, excellent cooking, garage. $15 to $20 weekly. Apartado 1729A Mexico. Folder: suite 819, 1819 Broadway, New York.

GARDENER whose favorite pastime is haunting Leary, Brentano and second-hand bookstores down on Fourth Ave., lost job and needs another. Will do your Christmas Book shopping to fit the whims and fancies of your friends. Send for explanatory bulletin. THE CURIOUS BOOKWORM, Hopewell, N. J.

CASTILIAN in three months for beginners. Also advanced students—Conversation, law and literature. PROF. BUSTILLO (formerly Madrid University), 530 West 112th Street. MOnument 2-4212, or at your residence. Highest references.

YOUNG WOMAN seeks position in which her library training and experience would be an asset. Box 373-C.

PERSONALS

FAMILY PAPERS put in order. MSS. edited for publication. Books and engravings catalogued. Substantial editorial experience. Box 376-C.

CLAUSTROPHOBES and all mainlanders of literary persuasion will enjoy Manhattan Island at and from Hotel Standish Hall which is ideally placed adjacent to Central Park, and overlooks the spacious grounds of the American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a midtown caravansary. Cheerful, sunlit days distinguish its hospitality, and the atmosphere is one of comfort and content. Accommodations for the literary or non-literary person who must be in New York for a considerable time this winter. Newly furnished and decorated suites—living room, bedroom, bath, and pantry or kitchenette—from $120 to $145 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery. But the hotel has an excellent dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing for reservations. Harry A. Day, Manager, Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City.

CONTRACT PLAYER (Manhattan), good family and position, cultured, travelled, humorous, playing for intellectual pastime but frequently defeating virtual "professionals," needs partners, congenial type—mature men, courteous, interested in improving game. Pleasant environment. Box 377-C.

JAY KENISTON, a mere young Man-hattanite in the vivacious twenties, would welcome correspondence with others of the species interested in the theatre, music, literature. Box 378-C.

AMERICAN MERCANTILE seaman with a good education, and fairly intelligent, seeks position ashore, craving congenial companionship and home life. Age 35, 5 ft. 10 inches, 165 lbs. Box 380-C.

YOUNG married man, 25, presentable, desires position of editorial, advertising or secretarial nature wherein can be utilized an interpretive and discriminating mind supported by a substantial eclecticism and a working literary style of clarity and distinction. Quiet, adaptable, sincere; reproachless background and references. Salary of course secondary. Box 381-C.

YOUNG LADY in Virginia wants position as secretary. Private school education, references. Box 383-C.

WILL the gentleman who found Cinderella's slipper the other night please return it.

ARTIST offers landscapes, seascapes, figures, etc., in all mediums. Name your price range. Books accepted as part payment. Portraits from photos a specialty. B. VINCENT ABBOTT, 656 Huntington Ave., Boston.

YOUNG MAN wishes contact magazine publisher suggesting new periodical pertaining to classified ads. Box 384-C.

H. H. T.: Remember me? Small Person.

YOUNG MAN wanted to share large, pleasant room, kitchen; fireplace, private entrance. $5 week. Peterson, 15 West 73rd.

DISCOURAGED, nearly desperate recent college graduate (Yale), having little experience but unusual background, wants newspaper or literary work for living wage, any kind, anywhere. Box 385-C.

JEUNE Européen désire faire connaissance New Yorkaise correspondance et conversation française. Box 386-C.

YOUNG MAN, New Yorker, 24, college education, Intelligence quotient 126, with personality, tact, nerve, willing to take any kind of job. Box 387-C.

YOUNG WOMAN, Hebrew, artistic, idealistic, wishes to hear from some all-around individualists. Box 388-C.

HELP WANTED—MEN. Employer: between the ages of first climacteric and senility must have sense of humor and good understanding: no other need apply: must be willing to remember first failure: good opportunity for right person to learn what a young man can accomplish for $30 week salary. Write, giving full assurance this salary can be afforded. Box 389-C.

YOUNG LADY, Vermonter, now employed in Indianapolis, desires secretarial position with University group, or similar. Miss Pierce.

FREE LANCE WRITERS' SOCIETY, Waldorf-Astoria, Friday, Dec. 10 at eight. Public invited.

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PERSONALS

PARENTS: A group is starting, around two American children back from France, for old-fashioned good fellowship, early parties, and possibly swimming or skating. We want children between fifteen and nineteen, gently bred, with high Christian intelligence, also dissatisfied with sophisticated companions. Write complete particulars confident of strictest privacy; if, like us, you have never dealt with advertisements, sign only initials until you hear again from us. The most desirable social credentials to be exchanged. Box 390-C.

FOR MORE PROFITABLE PUBLISHING: Young man experienced in marketing research and sales promotion; familiar with books as their consumers buy and think of them, and with books and the book industry. Not only because he "loves books and reads voraciously" (!), but because he knows the fundamentals of marketing research, because he knows books as the consumer and the bookseller does, and because he's read Unwin and others. Box 391-C.

PUBLISHER, ADVERTISER, AUTHOR: Cultured, intelligent, attractive Southern lady, 26, desires secretarial position; B.A. degree and newspaper and secretarial experience. Box 392-C.

MODERN 8" x 10" Photo-prints, architectural, landscape, night, suitable framing $1, mounted $1.50 postpaid. Valene, Apt. 61, 410 Riverside Dr., New York City.

MEDIEVAL manuscript leaves, lovely illumination and colors, Otto F. Ege Collection. A gift for the discriminating. $1.00 to $100. Send for catalog. Staff, Lima Public Library, Lima, Ohio.

ALUMNUS! THIS CHRISTMAS GIVE your Alma Mater a lasting memorial of one hundred modern novels, many of them first editions, all in new condition, $50.00. Or a collection of one hundred volumes of poetry, $30.00. Catalogues of other interesting offers mailed free. SCHULTE'S BOOKSTORE, INC., 80 Fourth Avenue (Tenth Street).

MANHATTANITE, missing mental meanderings, must masticate mooted mail. Mighty Man.

PECAN AND HICKORY NUTS. Ten pounds finest assorted, $2.95 delivered; ten pounds unassorted, some small but fine flavor, $2.35 delivered; seven pound full flavored pecans and three pounds old-fashioned hickory nuts, $2.00 delivered. Larger orders cheaper. Check or money order. The Book Farm, Hattiesburg, Miss.

THANK YOU S. R. L. For half a year you have sent us your congenial, friendly readers, many of whom have come back several times. Verily, the ornaments of a house are the guests which frequent it. The Farm on the Hill, R. R. 3, Box 315, Kingston, N. Y.

COMPETENT assistant sought by dancing teacher. Modest investment required. Must reside near Manhattan. Give references, age, etc. Box 393-C.

WANTED: Two or three-room apartment from early February for one or two months in central New York City. Headmistress, Box 394-C.

WOMAN, thirty, Phi Beta Kappa, master's economics, graduate work sociology; experience—teaching, social work, desires part time employment. Box 395-C.

ENGLISH WOMAN, American background, direct address, selling experience, attractive personality, leaving Jan. 22 for Europe, will be in South Pacific late Feb. or March, will take commissions any kind Sumatra, Australia, New Zealand. Box 379-C.

HERE'S the unforgettable holiday week thrill! Exciting fun with young, gay, active, informal, intelligent people! Never a dull moment! Daily schedule of activities! Every possible winter sport in breath-taking setting! Ski class lessons free. Ski tows. Skating, tobogganing, iceboating. Ride the mile a minute bob run—hire dog sledge—join flapjack snowrides. For our guests only, free badminton, shuffleboard, indoor tennis. Watch skijumping, carnivals, hockey, exhibitions. Impromptu, informal log fire parties always—drink your own. Clothes and equipment rented low cost (skis 50c day). Modern large thoroughly heated rooms, twin beds, private bath only. Rate $105 week for two, includes simply swell food. $35 week person after Jan. 3. You'll never regret coming. You must reserve. Hurry! Hotel St. Moritz, Lake Placid, N. Y.

SANTA—please find Sister Cecilia's 75 or 80 forgotten charity girls in grades 1, 2, 3, in the "Colegio de la Milagrosa," Mayaguez, Puerto Rico. Money, candy, toys, clothes (summer) print or gingham materials sent through U. S. Parcel Post by devout Catholics fully appreciated. Personally acquainted.

Double-Crostics: No. 194

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

				1-O	2-L	3-D		4-R	5-B	6-S	7-C	8-O		9-N	10-M	
11-S	12-U	13-W	14-A	15-P	16-Q	17-C		18-F	19-E	20-G	21-K	22-O	23-D	24-X		25-Y
26-I		27-K	28-C	29-I	30-N		31-B	32-H	33-N		34-L	35-T	36-S	37-O	38-P	39-R
	40-V	41-N	42-U	43-Q	44-B	45-T	46-W	47-A	48-S		49-H	50-N	51-A		52-C	53-I
	54-K	55-F	56-I		57-D	58-L	59-H		60-J		61-O	62-K	63-D	64-P	65-G	66-M
	67-E	68-B		69-M	70-K	71-T	72-F	73-D	74-C	75-V	76-Q	77-E	78-P	79-X		80-T
81-C	82-N		83-L		84-R	85-F	86-E	87-M	88-X	89-D		90-E	91-I		92-V	93-Q
94-U	95-D	96-S	97-H		98-A	99-G	100-J		101-P	102-V	103-R	104-Y	105-T		106-G	107-Y
108-T		109-W	110-M	111-E	112-X	113-J		114-A	115-X	116-J		117-X	118-D	119-Q	120-Y	
121-C	122-T		123-I	124-L		125-I	126-J	127-G		128-R	129-S	130-F	131-H	132-O	133-N	
134-V	135-C	136-K	137-P	138-I	139-B	140-S	141-U	142-M		143-Y	144-M		145-W	146-Q	147-H	148-K
	149-O	150-L	151-D		152-M	153-F	154-P	155-E	156-U	157-O	158-H	159-K	160-M	161-X	162-R	163-T
	164-M	165-S	166-R	167-W	168-A	169-E	170-B	171-G	172-X							

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary.

The Solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Potato (jocose)

B. Water course.

C. Sensation of cold.

D. English statesman (1809-1898).

E. Malediction.

F. Fantastic.

G. Beethoven symphony.

H. Author of "The Seasons."

I. Cudgel.

J. Goddess of the dawn (Vedic myth.).

K. Tough.

L. Negligence.

M. Exhibit exhilaration.

N. Uproar (chiefly dial.).

O. Vigor, health.

P. Enthusiastic popular reception.

Q. Character in "Ivanhoe."

R. American poet (1819-1892).

S. Invest with sovereignty.

T. Dramatic poem by Byron.

U. Authoritative proclamation.

V. Proportion.

W. Fledgling.

X. Placed into correct position or relation.

Y. Curve or quantic of the ninth degree.

WORDS

51	168	14	47	98	114				
139	170	44	68	31	5				
135	28	52	17	81	74	121	7		
57	23	63	151	95	89	118	73	3	
77	155	111	67	90	169	86	19		
130	72	18	55	153	85				
127	20	171	99	65	106				
59	49	32	147	97	131	158			
53	56	26	125	123	138	29	122	91	
116	113	126	60	100					
21	70	159	27	62	148	136	54		
150	83	34	2	58	124				
142	10	144	110	69	160	66	152	164	87
82	33	133	30	50	9	41			
8	149	37	157	61	132	1	22		
137	101	154	78	15	38	64			
76	146	119	43	16	93				
4	128	103	39	84	162	166			
129	140	48	11	6	165	36	96		
71	35	163	80	45	105	108			
12	156	94	141	42					
92	134	75	40	102					
145	167	46	13	109					
115	172	161	79	88	112	24	117		
107	143	120	25	104					

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